"Through and through, Jesus make me holy,
Save me to the uttermost
All the way to glory."
—Old song.

THE

Has the Army Damaged the Drink Devil?
. . . For Answer see Cry, June 29th . . .

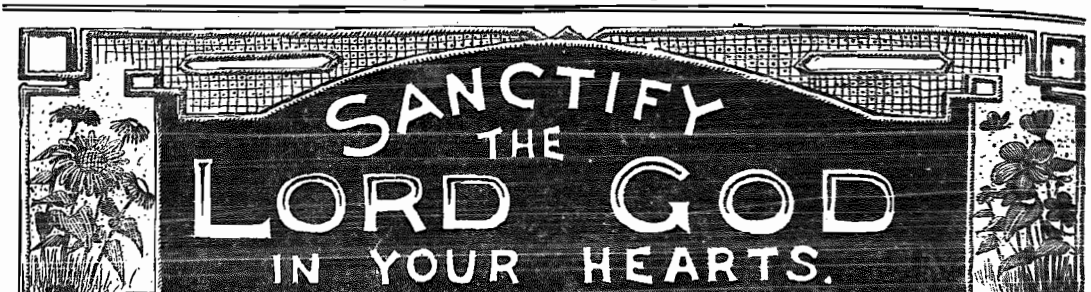
WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XI. NO. 38. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

TEMPTED!

His Mind the Battle-Ground for the Kingdoms of Light and Darkness—Blessed is the Man that Endureth Temptation—A Crown of Life Shall be His Reward.



Are You Tempted?

Jas. i. 12.—Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.

CHEER UP, tempted brother. Did it ever strike you that there is a BLESSEDNESS in temptation? Dark are you? Filled with gloom? In heaviness? Fearful that you will yet miss your way and perish? Oh, fear not; cast thy saddened eye on yon promise. See, thou art BLESSED.

• • •

DON'T GIVE IN. Endure. You are the very man for whom the Lord designs the crown of life. Endurance is what you need, and my God shall supply your need. I know it. I prove it. Hold on.

• • •

SATAN KNOWS you are not his. If it were so you would not have this spiritual conflict. The house divided against itself would not stand. You stand opposed to satan. Fight.

• • •

FIGHT BY FAITH in Jesus. It is the good fight of FAITH. Do not meet the enemy in your own strength. God has laid help on ONE who is mighty. Cry out even now, "Lord, I believe. THOU art my Rock and my Fortress, my High Tower, my Deliverer: in Thee I am safe."

N.C.I.F.

Words of Worth

— BY —

PROMINENT OFFICERS.

LACK of watchfulness has been the ruin of thousands. Most of us are conscious often of a rampant desire within to be good and true. We hate and loathe the enemies of our Lord, and yet while the spirit is willing the flesh is weak, or rather strong; our temper is strong. But God can implant a stronger power within us than even these strong powers of the flesh.—The Commandant.

—:—

SOME people rest contented to be no more than spiritual ground-larks. They continually hover near the earth, although God wants them—and all of us—to rise upon the wings of faith until our spirits rise into the higher atmosphere, the rays of His glorious sun and the boundless expanse of the firmament of His immediate presence.—Commander Ballington Booth.

—:—

SINNER, remember for every sin there is so much wrath. You can label it off as surely as you do the profits of your day's business. Every day's forbearance, so much more wrath. You are heaping it up, treasuring it up. It is hovering over the path you tread like some great towering, black mountain. Just a puff of God's breath, or a touch of His finger, and it will come down and overwhelm you, as the waters did Pharaoh and his host. — Mrs. General Booth.

The War Cry Platform

The COMMANDANT

— ON —

"The Prophet's Duty."

ONCE MORE will you turn to the third chapter of Exodus, and this time consider carefully the thirteenth verse.

"Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharoah that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

YOU WILL OBSERVE the commission was very practical. The object of the Lord's visions always are. You might know whether any particular blessing has been a God-given one by the fruits of it. God never gives men gifts purely for their own self-interest. He never gives out His treasures for our little pockets alone. The message came, "I have sent—that thou mayest." So it always is. So it will be with you. No good seeking God's riches for hoarding. You won't get them. God's riches are for USING. God's precepts are for PRACTICE, and God's prophets must be men who have given profit to others as well as to themselves. There are saints too saintly to work, too holy to apply themselves to the hard, dry, matter-of-fact affairs of this world, too ethereal, too much

Up Among the Stars there.

They are too far removed from the sickly court and the filthy slum, the dancing saloon, the beer store and the prison house. God is looking for saints who will lift in with the wants of the world. These serene folks are all for letting things alone, "trusting to the over-ruling hand of God," as they call it. "Don't be in a hurry," they say. "Don't be distressed, pray, don't put yourself about. Our Father knows. All will come right. The battle is the Lord's. What are we but poor dust?" Quite true, my friend, but you are precious careful to get your own dust into heaven, aren't you? Don't be a bit mistaken, now. These wonderful experiences you speak of, these rapturous feelings, these ecstacies of joy are

All Spurious Sentimentalities

if you shut them inside your narrow little soul. God's gifts are for giving. His wealth is for bestowing. Do you seek for signs and wonders in your own experience? Get ready for marching orders, then. The message is sure to have something of this sort in it: "I will send thee," or, "Get thee out from thy people," or, "Who will go for us?" or "What doest thou here?" or "Rise and go over this Jordan," or "Thou shalt go to all to whom I will send thee," or, "Go into the city and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do." Always something to be done, some particular outcome, some definite instruction. Oh, my friend, how often are we mistaken in the way we seek God's instructions. Selfishness is so much at the bottom of many of our best prayers. We want to be profited, and blest, and inspired, while God lingers over us with the request — "Will you go, go to Pharaoh, go from home, go after souls, go to the cross, go from that sheltered spot, go from that loved embrace?" It is always "Will you go?" In the very nature of things it must be. How could God be faithful to His nature and invest His blessings where not reproductive of themselves? He looks for servants, for messengers, for

Soldiers, Not Passive Saints.

"I have sent thee that thou mayest." Oh, that this morning you may be obedient to the heavenly vision given you, even on this holy ground, that you may turn aside to see, saying as Moses said, "Here am I."

• • •

JUST ANOTHER WORD. There was something else said to Moses. You remember how overwhelmed he was at the tremendous purport of the message. You perceive, too, how humble his wilderness experience had made him, how little in his own estimation the angel found him, how forgetful of his favored training and rearing at the Egyptian Court, how far from thinking that his extraordinary associations with the top family of Egypt fitted him before all others to deal with Pharaoh. All this was gone. He stood reviewing

His Absolute Insignificance.

A shepherd for forty long years, accustomed to no greater service than the tending of his father-in-law's sheep. "Who am I?" he exclaims, in astonishment. Brother, sister, the same difficulty will present itself to you if there be in you the nature of a true saint. God's calls will appear out of all proportion to your ability. His privileges are too great and good for your desirts. His offered service quite beyond your capacities. Your first impulse after the rush of light has entered your soul, and the voice spoken out "Go!" will be "Who am I?"

• • •

THEN CAME the reply, given so frequently to all humble spirits, in every generation before and since. "Certainly I will be with thee." You see how the matter goes, don't you? You understand how empty Moses had become for God to use, how little for God to enlarge, how humble for God to exalt, and you perceive something beside, you see how God's proclamations are backed by His power, how His commissions are followed by His strength, and how His commands are enforced by the wherewithal to obey. "Certainly I will be with thee." "Certainly." It is as if God were pleased with the difficulty Moses had raised, as if He had said:

"Moses, I Understand You.

You are a poor, limited man, and you know it. You have no strength of your own worth speaking of, and you recognize it. You of yourself possess no influence sufficient to give weight to this message, and you are unconsequential enough to admit it. Moses, you are abasing yourself, therefore I delight to exalt you. Fear not. No cause for anxiety. Certainly I will be with thee, and with all such as manifest a spirit like thine."

• • •

NOW, YOU SEE the drift of all this, don't you? Be humble, but not despondent. Be poor in opinion as to self, but don't limit the power of God. My friend, God calls you to duty. He calls you by a thousand and one burning bushes—by scenes, which as yet you have regarded as common-place incidents of life. He beckons you to the desert with Him that you may prepare yourself to understand their significance. He commands you by the love you bear your soul and the souls of others to

Flee Self-indulgence,

and go forth as a light in darkness and deliverance among the oppressed, and having done so, he lays upon you but one condition. Should you comply, His own dear presence shall empower and envelope and go on before. It is simply that you give yourself away, and give the glory to Him. Will you do it? Will you do it now? God help you. Amen.

Tune—Glory, glory, Jesus saves me, "B.J.," 131; Pour Thy Spirit, "B. J.," 15. or, Joy, behold the Saviour, "B.J.," 11.

Holy Spirit, send the Fire,
Purge from every spot and stain!
Cleanse me fully, save me higher,
Let Thy love my heart inflame.

Chorus.

Send the Fire, send the Fire,
Purge my soul from every sin;
Send the Fire, send the Fire,
Cleanse me now and make me clean.

Holy Spirit, send the power,
Come within me now—abide;
Send a Pentecostal shower,
Come and reign, Thou crucified.

Holy Spirit, deign to use me,
For Thy service make me meet;
Help me spend my life in leading
Precious sinners to Thy feet.

BARBARA WILSON, Capt.,
Edinburgh Shelter.

—:—

Tune—Better world, "B.J.," 11; Travelling home, "B.B.," 7; What's the news, "B.J.," 12.

To Thy dear cross, oh, Calvary's Lamb,
Lord, I come!
Oh, take me now, just as I am,
Lord, I come!
I come to Thee with all my guilt,
Thou, Lord, can'st make me what Thou will,
I know for me Thy blood was spilt,
Lord, I come!

From all my doubtings, fears and strife
Set me free.
I come to Thee for holier life,
Set me free.
I long to be more fully Thine,
Oh, fill me with Thy love Divine;
Help me to claim the promise mine.
Set me free.

Help me, dear Lord, to closer cling,
To Thy Cross.
Help me poor wanderers to bring
To Thy Cross.
Thine every promise I believe,
To me Thy grace in fulness give,
Help me each day to closer live
To Thy Cross.

A. WOODMAN, Nanaimo, B.C.

A WELL-TIED KNOT.

The Commandant Ties It at Oshawa.

CAPTAINS DODGE AND HOUSE Pledge Life-Long Fidelity.

MOSES still lives! Of course we mean the old faithful veteran of the Oshawa corps. JOSHUA is still alive! We mean Brother Joshua, the Englishman who left the Old Land years ago, and now flourishes as a Salvation soldier of the Oshawa corps. Then PAUL, in the person of Father Paul, still preaches the Gospel according to the S. A., and is not afraid to declare it on Oshawa's street corners. MOTHER PAUL, too, is a marvel of God's healing power. In fact, OSHAWA corps looked bright and turned out well at the recent happy, little wedding.

Great disappointment was felt at the inability of Mrs. Booth to keep her engagement to be at the marriage, but

The Commandant,

accompanied by COLONEL HOLLAND, came along to supply the place of Mrs. Booth.

MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 3RD, was the eventful time. The neat, little town had been well stirred and Captain House had done her best to create and arouse a general interest.

Others came up to the great Jubilee. MAJOR AND MRS. JEWER were there. ENSION AND MRS. ARKETT had driven all night in order to be present. CAPTAIN and MRS. STAINFORTH, from Port Perry, could not resist such a temptation. ENSIGN D. McAMMOND took mental notes of the proceedings, doubtless for future reference. The mighty deed was accomplished in the Christian church.

The preliminaries of the meetings took a happy strain, being steered by the Commandant, who kept things on the move. He invited some married men to take the witness box and testify to the great spiritual blessing resulting from married life.

Ensign Arkett

had never quarrelled with his wife, and Mrs. Arkett stood to ratify all her husband had said about seeking the interests of God's kingdom since they got married.

In mistake, Ensign McAmmond was called upon as a married man, but he had to fall back in preference to Major Read, who spoke of "that meeting at Orangeville," "that night the question was popped," "that motto on the road." "The kingdom first" had been the aim of the Major's married life, and great blessing had followed.

COLONEL HOLLAND was pleased that he had come to a place where a "house" was to be given away, and gave good, sound advice.

Then the stern business began. Plainly, lucidly, and with no mistaken words, did the Commandant show to the audience and the contracting parties what a solemn ceremony marriage was. "If

You Wish to be Married

on these terms, stand forward!" and forward the two Captains stood. Just at this moment the platform was a picture, the central figures being the Commandant, Captain Dodge, the bridegroom, Captain House, the bride, CAPT. McKENZIE, the best man, and CADET WORR, the bride's supporter.

The "I wills" were clear, distinct, and determined, and the lip salutation was really audible. "God bless Mrs. Dodge," shouted Happy Moses behind, and the whole audience gave them a gladsome roar. Then the newly married couple were cheered on their marriage day.

NOTES.

The bridegroom spoke up well, and meant business.

The bride looked somewhat nervous, but it was excusable.

The Commandant's faithful marriage address will not soon be forgotten.

We learned that Captain House had done a good work during her stay at Oshawa, and nobly built up the work. Of course she will be much missed.

Greatly pleased was the Commandant at the neat appearance of the new and suitable S. A. Barracks.

Gravenhurst is the place in which the happy couple are spending their honeymoon.

When this pair get to the battle's front, the devil will have to beware and shure!

Captain Winnie House is no more. "Mrs. Captain Dodge," if you please, in the future.

Captain and Mrs. Larter, of the East, sent them a nice telegraphic congratulatory message, wishing them God-speed.

It was one of the brightest little weddings we ever remember attending. God was in it. Hence the success.

May God crown the united labors of their future lives. R.

PROVINCIAL PLUMS

PICKED FROM THE

East Ontario Province.

IT IS NOW definitely settled that the Commandant will visit Kingston and Peterboro. We feel sure officers and soldiers at these corps will do all possible to make this visit of their leader a unique success, as well as those living in the vicinity making it a point to get in to the meetings. Have everything up to boiling pitch by faith and prayer before he arrives.

• • •

JAIL. Yes, Ensign MacDonald has been arrested for preaching Christ in the city of Montreal. Up to the time of writing we do not know how he is faring, but we have confidence in the One who says that even the hairs of our head are numbered. (Later.—Word just to hand. Case has been dismissed.)

• • •

LATEST. Captain Teeple is appointed to Perth. Captains Ayling and Heisler have returned to their respective appointments. Major and Mrs. Morris have left on a tour west commencing at Picton. We've been rushed at P. H. Q., writing letters, etc., with respect to the Commandant's visit, in addition to other work, but they say "a busy man is a happy man."

• • •

WHAT a disappointment it was!

• • •

TO LEARN our leader, through rush of business, is not able to visit all the corps he had first intended; still, we must try and make up for the disappointment by as many as possible making it a point to be at the places he visits, which are Ottawa, Montreal and Kingston.

• • •

ADJUTANT SOUTHALL is doing kind of a John the Baptist to get things in readiness (at each corps the Commandant visits) for what we expect, a stupendous time in every sense of the word. The Adjutant visits the corps up the lines, so he fulfils a two-fold mission at one stroke.

• • •

TWO weddings. In addition to the one the Commandant conducts at Ottawa, as announced in the Cry, Pembroke is getting ready. At the latter place they expect one thousand people present. If this had been under canvas it would have been unique indeed. Adjutant Southall will officiate.

• • •

MAJOR AND MRS. MORRIS visited Picton Saturday and Sunday (June 1st and 2nd.) Although nearly "boiled," the place was packed, and four souls sought salvation. Good times also at Deseronto, and at Belleville "Pen and Ink" made a big rush to join them. (The latter personage is now sitting in the Norwood quarters scribbling off these few notes). Here also a nice crowd congregated, and two souls, fifty soldiers on the platform, with a good stirring time at Campbellford, landing by stage here this morning (Norwood).

• • •

REMINISCENCES by the way: Arrived at Norwood by stage from Hastings this morning. Found Cadet Williams in officers' quarters, with things sparkling and clean. Lieutenant Vance gone out in the country arrived home ladened with good things, among which was some beautiful watercress picked by the way. We had a look at their garden, which they had up to date, and the Major spying a few old wizened up potatoes which had been thrown away, decided to plant them, in the happy anticipation they might come in for the approaching Harvest Festival. This is one instance as to how an Army officer has to look ahead a little. We trust there will be an abundant crop. "Pen and Ink" ventures to predict that if there is a potato for every bug who finds a home on their leaves there will be a first-class one.

• • •

CAPTAIN CHURCHILL goes on rest for three weeks, as also does Captain Burrows. Smith Falls opening must not be forgot. Captain Bowering and wife have opened a training home. God bless the boy. Port Hope reports one soul and on the rise. Captain Bureau and Cadet E. Williams mean to sail her if she will float. Go in, officers!

• • •

RICHMOND, P.Q. Captain Smith needs your sympathy. A misfortune has befallen their barracks. The foundation has given way, and it will take hundreds to restore it. A donation, if it could be spared, would be much appreciated. God bless you, officers and soldiers. Cheer up.

• • •

SUNDAY, June 2nd. News reaches us they had six souls at Bloomfield, four souls Picton, and six at Kingston. Things seem to be humming this hot weather.

"PEN AND INK."

LASSIES' BRASS BAND.

We went from PORT LAMBTON to WALLACEBURG, where we had a large crowd. The people here know how to appreciate good music. Saturday and Sunday were spent at DRESDEN. Had a very good time, but no souls. Off on Monday morning good and early for THAMESVILLE, next day to BOTHWELL. The next place on the list was CHATHAM. We had a good time, and we believe the people were pleased with the meeting. LIEUT. HALEY.

After leaving the wonderful city of CHATHAM, we arrived at a little place called NORTHWOOD; had our meeting in the church, the Rev. Mr. Neithercott being present. Next day drove two miles more, where the anniversary meetings of KEMPBRIDGE CHURCH were held, it being 24th of May. There was a good crowd. In the afternoon there were addresses from different public speakers and the band played between, quite a new experience of some of the girls. Next day back to Chatham, where we meet Brigadier Margetts, who led the meeting at night, and from here we have a trip on the "City of Chatham" to WINDSOR. Were met at wharf by ENSIGN GALE. The people here had not got over their twenty-fourth celebration, but we had a very fair time at night. Barracks packed, with THREE SOULS at the mercy seat. There were others who should have come, but put it off. Monday, still at Windsor. Out good and early collecting. Up the river comes S.S. William Booth, with the Naval Brigade. The S.S. William Booth then took the Lassies' Band down to AMHERSTBURG. It was a beautiful sail down the river. We had a most beautiful time here. Crowds, crowds was the order! The people were so delighted that at the close one man got up and passed a vote of thanks and promised us a full house if we would come back. From there we went to ESSEX, where another full house greeted us. Here we met the Brigadier again, and from Essex we had a seventeen mile drive to COMBER. To-day we are at STAPLES, a saw mill settlement. Big crowd last night, although it was very warm. We believe the seed was sown that will spring up and bear fruit to life eternal.—F. Dean, Captain L. B. B.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE'S TOUR has at length been definitely arranged. Some little difficulty was occasioned owing to the yacht being unable to sail from one American port to another before clearing at a Canadian port.

Central Ont. Province

CAMP MEETINGS.

ADJT. TURNER'S NOTES.

A GREAT CALAMITY has overtaken us in the collapse of our dear comrade, Major Jewer—nevertheless, the war must go on.

I am sure the presence of the Master will be with the Major and Mrs. Jewer while behind the scenes. We shall pray that God may strengthen them and speedily bring the Major back to his former health.

WELCOME, MAJOR AND MRS. HOWELL to the Central Ontario Province.

On behalf of the district and field officers, the local officers, the bandsmen and the rank and file, we give you a royal welcome to this Province.

Don't Forget the Wells' Hill Camp.

We accept you as from God to lead us on in this glorious fight and pledge ourselves to do our very best to stand by you to bring about the salvation of the lost, and to loyally follow on under the good old Army flag.

Camp Meetings.

We have just completed arrangements for a series of camp meetings on Wells' Hill, from Friday, June 28, to Monday, July 8, inclusive. We expect these will rank among the best we have ever had, both for souls and crowds, and interest.

A large tent, capable of holding 1,000 people, is being secured, and altogether things give promise of having a wonderfully successful time.

Among those who will take part will be the Commandant, assisted by Colonels Holland, Stitt, Brigadiers Jacobs and Clibborn, Major Howell, etc. A complete programme is being arranged, which will comprise special meetings every night.

All parties wishing to hire a tent for this series of camp meetings, suitable for two or more, apply at once to Major Howell or Adjutant Turner.

Refreshments will be provided on the grounds at reasonable rates.

Now, ye Toronto Salvationists, make up your minds, one and all, to be present at these gatherings. Don't forget the great united rally on Dominion Day of all city corps.

WYOMING.—We commenced Sunday with a march around the village at 7 o'clock, which created some surprise among the natives, who flocked to their doors and windows, wondering what the Army was up to. Wyoming must be awakened, and we are the people who must do it. After the march was over we had a royal breakfast with the King, and went home believing that somehow or other our march was going to be used of God in the extension of His cause. One of our old comrades, Mrs. Thompson, spent the day with us. She testified that she found God just as mighty to keep her in Sarnia as He was when she was here. We had good meetings all day. We expect Brig. Margetts and staff from London for Saturday night's meeting.—The Cold Spring Crow, for Captain Comstock.

THANKS.

The Commandant desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

St. John, N.B., Rescue Home.—John [illegible], $10; T. Robinson, 50c.; Collection, Centenary Church, $17.66; Sergt.-Major Collins, $1; Mrs. Sparks, $1; Lieut. Wilson, $1; Lieut. Gibson $1; J. S. Jewel $1; Miss J. Crosby, $1; Capt. Byers, $1; Mrs. [illegible] Eldridge, $1; King's Daughters cakes; Mrs. Mitchell, cakes; Robertson Bros., fish; Mr. Verwart meat; Mrs. Day, butter and chicken; Mr. Woodburn, $5; Ensign Galt, $1; Mrs. C. Whalen, bread soap, comb; Mrs. McCauly, rhubarb; Miss Lizzie Bolt sugar and pickles; A well-wisher meat; Mrs. Hopkins, dishes; King's Daughters, bread; Mrs. Dr. Morrison, milk; Mrs. C. Currie, $1.10; Mrs. J. G. Calkin, $1; Miss Jessie Hooper, $1; Miss Bertha Bishop, $1; Miss Lottie Bishop, $1; Capt. Byers, $1; Miss Nellie Lipsett, $1.45.

Winnipeg Rescue Home.—Mr. Thompson, sugar; Mr. [illegible], tea; Mr. [illegible] fish; Mr. Williams, tea; Mr. Bryan, shoes; McKenzie & Powers tea; [illegible] Milling Co., flour; Mr. Gust fish; Market, meat; Market, vegetables; A friend meat; A friend, dishes; Mrs. Buchanan, $1; A friend, 25c.; Mrs. Elliott $2; Mr. [illegible], 75c.; Mr Perve 50c.; Mr. Birdy, 25c; A friend, $1; Mrs. Wilson (collected), 50c.; Mr. Craig, shoes.

Notes for the Curious.

BY F. S.

I wonder when the great Toronto anniversary meetings are to take place?

Well, my friend, be a bit steady. All things come to those who wait. The Commandant has decided that there shall be several sets of anniversary meetings this year, one set at each of the Provincial centres. And they will be grand. They follow in order thus: Toronto, London, Montreal, St. John, N.B., and Newfoundland. Dates later on.

* * *

And they say that some distinguished strangers are to visit Canada soon. Are they Salvationists, and what are their names?

To satisfy your curiosity I must tell you that it probably is so. No less a personage than Colonel Stitt will soon be amongst us. And if you desire to know what he is coming for, "wait, meekly wait." Then another Army leader is coming. Brigadier Percy Clibborn, who has been laboring in South America for a long time, will doubtless accompany the Colonel. We shall have big times on Well's Hill.

* * *

What about the Toronto camp meetings?

Ah, now you try to corner me, but I think I can again do a bit to gratify your voracious appetite for news, as it's news you want. The Central Provincial camp meetings will be held on Well's Hill the first week in July. It will be a good affair, too. At the Sunday meetings the Commandant will introduce the English Colonel and the South American Brigadier. God bless them!

* * *

Is not Hamilton a good place for a week's camp meetings?

Admirable, my friend. I should not be surprised if the Commandant went down to the Ambitious City some time in August and went in for a good big go. It is time the Hamiltonians had such a camp. Now, Major Howell, go to work and get up a big stirring thing on this line. Then another word to the curious. I expect the Commandant will take part in the Corbett's Point Camp.

* * *

But do tell me the dates of the Provincial anniversaries. I should like to know. I can keep a secret.

All right. I can give you a good idea. I am under the impression that Toronto will be from Sept. 7 to 12; London, Sept. 14 to 17; Montreal, Sept. 19 to 22; St. John, N.B., Sept. 28 to October 3, and Newfoundland follows. Doubtless the Northwest will have to wait a bit longer.

* * *

They say that the yacht, "William Booth," is a beautiful sailer and makes splendid time.

Certainly she does. Does she not belong to a good firm, and are not the members of her crew good solid fellows? Is it any wonder, then, that she succeeds? God speed the yacht!

* * *

I presume Major Morris is making great preparations for the Commandant's meetings in Kingston?

You can reckon on that. The Major is a hustler, and will give the Commandant a good welcome. Kingstonians will be alert and active. They are priming their guns and the devil will have to look out. If officers and soldiers will only rally together great things will be done.

SOMETIMES patent medicine is advertised with a wonderful story at the top, which finally ends up with stating what some pill can do. The writer generally begins at the bottom and glances up. This is the way some people should be read: begin at their heart and read out. Oh, for the genuine article!

* * *

SOME HOODLUMS were standing round our open-air ring and blowing their nasty smoke all over themselves, we unfortunately coming in for a share. Major Morris—"Smoke less and give the money to help the work of God along."

A Voice—"Yes, Major, we could do with a little less here."

Major.—"Well, some things have to be smoked to keep."

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth

MEET THE TERRITORIAL STAFF,

WELCOME MAJOR HOWELL,

AND GIVE PARTING BLESSING TO

MAJOR AND MRS. JEWER, and MAJOR AND MRS. FRIEDRICH.

IT WAS A FAREWELL AND WELCOME combined, a little social tea-meeting, to hail our coming and speed our parting comrades, with joy and sorrow strangely mingled.

THE DESCENDING SUN could scarcely have touched on a prettier scene of light and color than the garden and orchard of the Parkdale Rescue Home. The slanting rays tipped everything in glorious light; they gilded the tea-cups and saucers, the oranges and bananas, and the pots of geraniums and begonias on the white-spread tea-tables under the apple trees, upon the long grass, thick with dandelion fluff-balls. The wild birds joined in the conversation, whilst the company of Toronto officers lingered long over the good cheer that the Commandant and Mrs. Booth had provided, before adjourning to the large room within.

A MILESTONE ON LIFE'S JOURNEY, the Commandant prayed this might be.

Mother Florence, Mrs. Major Streeton, and Staff-Capt. Horn prayed before the Commandant called on Major Complin to sing his solo to the tune of

"Two Little Girls in Blue."

This was clapped so lustily that the Major suggested that the words must evidently touch a tender chord in the hearts of "those young men at the back," where some of Headquarters' boys were grouped.

THE COMMANDANT EXPLAINED the meeting had been convened on the occasion of two or three

Important Promotions and Appointments.

so that at these times of great moment in our comrades' history we might send them off with our fervent prayers and good wishes.

Our leader dwelt on the spirit of SUCCESSFUL OFFICERSHIP, the conquering spirit that ever puts self-interest to one side, that never asks, "Is my appointment easy or light," but

"Can I Be Useful?"

the spirit that begins at the cross, prepared to take the hardest job, that cries in any moment of emergency, "I'm the boy for a difficulty—SEND ME." Finally, our hearts were melted within us at the memory of our Redeemer and Example in self-sacrifice, the Man of Sorrows, THE KING OF KINGS AT THE CARPENTER'S BENCH, not in the Messiahship, but in His indomitable pluck as the Son of Man. It is JESUS ON THE CROSS we love. It is the people who endure we admire.

THE COMMANDANT made reference to the sudden appointment of MAJOR FRIEDRICH to the oversight of the new territory in the West, with its wealth of opportunity. He spoke of the greatness of the undertaking for our tried and faithful comrade, explaining a little of the nature of the country, and the Major's new duties, including British Columbia, to be governed from that point. Upon discovering that it would be impossible for dear Major Jewer to continue in harness any longer, it was found necessary to make new arrangements, and on looking round amongst the most self-sacrificing and capable men, the choice had fallen upon Major Friedrich. The Commandant charged the new Provincial Secretary to lay the foundations of the new work deep and true.

* * *

MAJOR JEWER had always held a warm place in the Commandant's affections, since the time when in the middle of the night he had sprung into the cab and welcomed him. With his whole-souled greeting, free from all palaver, he had stepped into the Commandant's heart almost before anything had been said. In the darkest hours he felt he could reckon on Major and Mrs. Jewer. He could always rely on

His Fire and Enthusiasm.

The Commandant described how he had found the Major suffering acute anguish, and described that it would be risking his life to continue with the burden of responsibility of work, and therefore arranged a prolonged furlough by the salt water, praying that he may come back, after imbibing the health-giving ozone, prepared for more important work, to fight on by the Commandant's side. Very earnestly we prayed that the sea air may make him better and bring him home to us.

* * *

THE COMMANDANT continued further that he had thought it advisable to appoint MAJOR HOWELL to the oversight of the Central Ontario Province, thus so sadly left vacant, instead of to Spokane, as previously intended. The Commandant described with hearty readiness Major Howell had fallen in with the unexpected announcement of the alteration of plans immediately on his arrival in Toronto, and how he had shown himself ready to grasp the sword and jump into the saddle here at once.

The Commandant spoke in the highest terms of MAJOR STREETON, who had ever been "true as steel." His future position on his return from England will be that of private secretary to the Commandant. Also the re-appointment of Staff-Captain Smeeton, the promotion of Adjutant Phillips, whose faithful life and example is ever before us; of Staff-Captain Horn, and his new position as Trade Secretary, stepping into

Untried Difficulties

with the Commandant's confidence in him that he is not a man to be chiselled.

After other various cheering items of war progress our departing comrade,

Major Friedrich

was called on for his testimony.

He declared that when the change came he was ready. He felt he was in God's hands. He realized it was a big task before him, but he was not relying on himself. God had often put him to the test, but had always justified his faith in Him.

During his six years at Headquarters he had seen many changes. He had watched the City Hall excavated, but he would not be there to see the roof put on. He had learnt to love all his comrades at the Temple. He was thankful for the opportunity to work for souls.

MRS. FRIEDRICH praised God that she was well saved. God had been with her and blessed her all the way along, she had experienced His blessing and help. She knew He would never fail her. It was strange to have to say good-bye to so many she had known and loved, but it was her full determination to fight on, praying for us and asking our prayers in return.

MAJOR JEWER, the sound of whose voice caused the tears to well up in many eyes again, as we contrasted it with the strong bass of not long ago, arose to speak amidst the deepest hush of expectant sympathy.

He assured us he would rather be going to the most difficult post it was possible to find than be obliged to give up work and take this enforced rest. It had been a severe time of testing to him, leaving

Toronto With All its Associations

of the past. God only knew what he had suffered, his own wife scarcely could guess. It was hard to have to give in. Toronto had seen some of his brightest and best fighting days. He had never held a position he had loved more, and in addition to the Province, he had loved Headquarters. He would like to say a few words about the Commandant, whom he had loved more than any man in or out of the Army. The Major asked us to pray for him. He repeated that it would be easier for him to take the toughest position to be found than this rest. God, if He spares him to light, can reckon on him to the very heart's core. Major Howell sang a solo and testified.

* * *

MRS. BOOTH climaxed the profound and spiritual feeling of the meeting with one of her own soul-thrilling songs, making that the text for her own personal, living testimony, giving us a few charming side-lights on the history of the composition of the words and music. The song was, "Holy Spirit, save me just now." Mrs. Booth urged us not only to think noble thoughts and deeds, but to be in readiness to PERFORM them, dwelling especially upon the terribleness of being miserly when it comes to LOVING one another. Mrs. Booth expressed her own sense of sorrow at saying good-bye to her comrades; the friendship with them had been a joy to her heart. In losing Mrs. Friedrich she felt she was losing a sister, and even still more in parting with Mrs. Jewer. But God will be with them—God rewards those who are faithful. As the stork puts her wing beneath her young in their first flight, so God will place His strong protection to bear His children up even in the times when their spirits may be inclined to be dashed within them.

K.

THE

Great Talent Scheme.

By the Financial Secretary.

BETTER UNDERSTOOD IS THIS scheme ere this. From all parts of the Dominion letters reach us from P. O.'s, D. O.'s, F. O.'s, and soldiers. With scarcely an exception, these letters are most favorable, and the whole Canadian wing of the S. A. soldiery are going in to make the scheme a success. The Field Officers of course are interested, for is it not their very own scheme? Now they will have a chance of doing something to help themselves.

ERE THIS REACHES OUR READERS the collecting cards will have been brought in and the Talents will have been distributed. Now, comrades and friends, use great discretion as to how you use your talent. The Commandant's circular gave you many and great ideas as to what to do. Now, are you doing it? Buy up some stuff right away and make the most of it. Remember, it is for Jesus' sake you do it. Then, soldiers, your dear officers will be so much benefited thereby.

DOUBTLESS THE LITTLE BOXES would have answered good purposes, but time was limited, and they could not be made in time. However, the cards have no doubt received good attention, and next year we shall see wonders wrought on this line. The friends of the S. A. have not been forgotten, and the Commandant has written them a nice letter soliciting from them donations for the scheme. Thus again will the F. O.'s cause be furthered.

"IT WILL DOUBTLESS BE known to you that large numbers of our most devoted officers toil for God and the very poorest, under circumstances which do not enable them to draw but very little in the way of salary."—The above is an extract from the Commandant's letter to Army friends.

BUT SOMETHING FURTHER AND more comprehensive is required, and to that end we are directing ourselves as an Army throughout the Dominion, to a special effort to raise a permanent fund, out of which, in the future, we shall be able to help pay for necessary clothing, and in addition to establish, we hope, a PENSION FUND, which will entitle broken down officers to certain advantages, according to the length of their service.—The Commandant.

Holders of collecting cards must be careful that they get an official receipt from their Captain. They must also sign a receipt for the amount

their Captain gives them, to be used as a Talent.

OFFICERS, TOO, WILL TAKE great care to see that proper receipts are given and that they are made out correctly. The stub, when filled out, must be sent to the Commandant at Toronto.

NEXT YEAR THE SCHEME WILL be worked easier, so as not to clash with or come too near the Harvest Festival, and while we are very desirous of making this Talent Scheme a huge success, nothing must be done which would interfere with the glorious work of soul-saving. Whatever takes place, souls must be cared for and saved.

SO THAT TALENT HOLDERS MAY know just what to do with their talent, I herewith again give a few hints from the Commandant's pen:—

The Talent-Holders and their Work.

The holders of the talents will then set themselves to do as well as they can with the talents given to them. There are numberless ways in which the talents can be turned to account. It is perhaps better to leave those possessing them free to choose their own course. Here are a few examples:

THE SISTERS might purchase material and make it up into articles they could dispose of.

They might purchase clothing stuffs and make them into garments.

They might purchase bread stuffs, and manufacture cakes or biscuits, or other things.

They might purchase wool or silk, and work it with the crochet or knitting needles.

ARTISTS could get cards and draw or paint designs for trinkets of various kinds.

BAKERS could purchase flour and bake extra loaves of bread and sell.

CARPENTERS could make up picture frames, or any other articles in their line of industry.

TAILORS could buy material, and make up little things that could be easily sold.

In fact, all classes and kinds of people could think out some plan by which they could turn their talents to advantage. It will be all the better because they thought it out themselves.

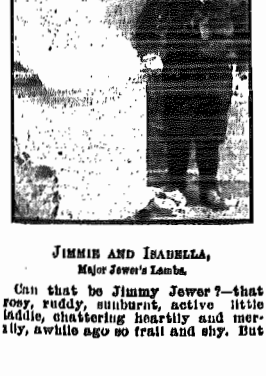
Disposals.

NOTE.—The disposing of the goods must, of course, be part of the talent holder's duty. Each holder must sell his own manufacture, and seek out customers for the same.

Mrs. Major Jewer Interviewed.

GOES EAST ON EXTENDED FURLOUGH.

"Are you going to our house?—I'll show you the way," lisped a sweet little boy, running up at the sight of the uniform, and piloting the stranger, with an air of affectionate importance.



JIMMIE AND ISABELLA,
Major Jewer's Lambs.

Can that be Jimmy Jewer?—that rosy, ruddy, sunburnt, active little laddie, chattering heartily and merrily, awhile ago so frail and shy. But so it was. "Papa's sick," he said, sadly, pushing back the pretty ringlets, moist with his play in the summer sun.

On the sofa in the Lippincott Provincial quarters the Major lay wrapt in

Sleep so Intense

one hesitated to arouse him, as Mrs. Jewer entered, with baby Isabel laughing in her arms.

"Yes," she said, "we are going at once to Nova Scotia, to a beautiful country part, with green fields and salt water, and sea breezes."

"Does the doctor think it will cure him?"

"He thinks it may. I've great faith in the sea-breeze: it's more like his native air in Newfoundland."

"We are all so distressed to see him failing so."

"Yes. Of course, he feels it terribly, having to give up work. He has lost eleven pounds since the Queen's Birthday; it makes him so dreadfully weak."

"How long is the journey?"

"From Wednesday till Saturday, it will take us. We stop over one night. I cannot help feeling very anxious, but God is with us. I realize more and more we have His strong arm to lean on."

"Are you going for any definite time?"

"No, the Commandant has granted him an extended furlough—till he gets better. When the Commandant saw him and realized how ill he was, he wouldn't hear of his going on working any more, although the Major would never give in himself until he had to be carried away; his spirits and energy would keep him going on until the very last step."

"Is the Army near where you are going?"

"No, none at all, not for ten miles round. The quiet will seem very strange

After the Rush of the War,

but I shan't mind that, if only he gets better. But we shall miss the gatherings with the Commandant and Mrs. Booth very much indeed, we have grown to love and value them so. But it is a good thing there are no meetings near, for if he goes at all he must pitch in with all his might, he cannot take things quietly and easily."

"You are busy?"

"Yes, very busy. [illegible]king. I always say that we never [illegible] to have too many clothes, exce[illegible] on washing days and packing days, but we get used to moving in the Army. We shall have time to rest and be quiet, and think of our own souls. Perhaps God has some lessons to teach us, and that's why He is sending us away alone there. But oh, we shall miss the Commandant and Mrs. Booth and our comrades so! You must pray for us.

The Tent Idea Succeeds.

COMMANDANT OFFICIATES

AT THE TRANSFERS OF

Majors Friedrich, Jewer and Howell.

THE TENT IDEA is a distinct success.

"Ruts" and lifeless rounds of religious performances are an abhorence to Salvationists, and the holy hatred is possessed in no second-rate quality and quantity by the present Chief Officer of Canada.

NO WONDER, then, that, as Captain McKenzie, the Richmond Street C. O., said, it was the Commandant's idea that Richmond Street corps should leave its musty-smelling back street barracks this hot weather and come to the front, using a tent for gathering in the fruit of the corps' operations.

ACCORDINGLY, a tent was erected on a vacant spot of land on Queen street, near Bathurst, a position good enough to please a saloon keeper. The only drawback is a monthly expenditure of $25 for rent of land and canvas, but the good people who tent there will doubtless see that the pushing young officer in charge is not stuck over that matter.

MAJOR AND MRS. COMPLIN, and Mrs. Adjutant Turner figured at the head of affairs at the opening services on Sunday. Life, liberty and blessing were granted, the congregations, which were good ones, specially at night, seemed disposed to stay any length of time. There was a complete absence, too, of that frivolous rejection of the Gospel so often seen, all were serious. Two persons publicly sought forgiveness.

* * *

On Monday Night,

the Commandant, and, one might say, "everybody and his wife," came up to the tent. The Army—staff, field, soldiery, sympathizers, adherents were there, to the full limit of the tent's accommodation, and didn't they just enjoy themselves! The popularity of the tent was assured. The meeting was one that travelled "full steam ahead," from start to finish.

* * *

THE COMMANDANT gave a resume of present happenings and a perspective glance at future ones looming up on the horizon, producing the happy feeling that we are a live concern, advancing and likely to advance.

AMONGST the personages upon whom the interest of the meeting centered was

Major Jewer.

The Commandant has spoken repeatedly in the most praiseworthy terms of Major Jewer, who reciprocates the affection and confidence reposed in him to the full, and if sympathy, affection and prayer can do anything, the Major's animated face ought soon to reappear on the platform of the S. A. in Toronto.

THE MAJOR, in his "good-bye," said his strength would not allow him to say much. He was proud to have spent the length of time he has in Toronto. It had been the brightest, best and happiest time he had put in in the S. A. Some folks had told him he would change when he got to the centre of the Army, but on the contrary, he had greater faith in God, the S. A., and his leaders than ever before, and he said this after two years in Toronto. He had done his best here, and never had a day's illness before till six months ago, when this affliction came, but he believes God is going to raise him up and restore him to the work. He is so in love with the Army, the Commandant, and the leaders here, that he is willing, as soon as strength permits, to come back and take, independent of rank, the hardest fight in Toronto. Mrs. Jewer also spoke of the sufficiency of God, and of the love and confidence in her heart for her leaders in the fight.

Major Howell

said he was home once more. He had been in a far-off country, but not as "the prodigal boy." In that county the S. A. was alive—he was glad to see that it is alive in Toronto, too.

The Maritime Province Salvationists admire those of Toronto for being loyal and true. Difficulties in the East are fewer comparatively. There, from the Lieut.-Governor to the street-sweeper, the S. A. has a good place in their confidence. He had not come here in "the blues," but in good spirits; together they would march on to victory. He liked those words of the Commandant's at the beginning of the meeting—that the "Salvation Army is all Jesus Christ." He was glad to be near Headquarters. He was not scared of Headquarters. As a boy at the Training Home he got to know the Commandant, who had given him his first commission to a place where he was told that his captain (now Major Sharpe) and himself would get their heads knocked off in two weeks, instead of which, however, in two months there were 150 people converted. He believed a man always gets on who is loyal to God and the S. A. He had clung to the colors in times of temptation and conquered by looking to God. He had no misgivings, doubts or fears, and is determined to conquer.

Major Friedrich

in his last few words (which were necessarily few owing to the fact that it was very late and nearly time for the Chicago express to start out), said how strange it seemed, after six and a-half years in Toronto, to be going away. However, God had kept him working with an eye single for His glory here, and of late had been preparing him and giving him to feel the necessity to save men from eternal woe. He (the Major) believed in hell, in heaven, and God. In the week end meetings he had lately conducted with the Headquarters' boys, the Lord had allowed him to look through the eyes of the people to the needs of their souls, and he went to his new appointment with heart and soul afire. He had learned to love his comrades, and with respect to the Commandant, the more he saw of him the more he loved and believed in him. He felt that a revival was coming. God would be with him out West. God only requires a complete laying down of our all at His feet. He realized his weakness, and because of that he had greater faith in God. I have faith in God and the S. A.—Here the Commandant, who had been in the freest and most fraternal of moods the whole evening, put his arms around the Major, and the Major acted similarly, while the audience screamed out their appreciation.

MRS. FRIEDRICH, having added a few touching words, the meeting came to a hasty conclusion, and we focussed ourselves around our departing comrades at the Union Station, the Commandant being the last to jump off the onward-speeding cars that conveyed our comrades away.

J. COMPLIN.

Headquarters'

NEWS NOTES.

THE COMMANDANT went off yesterday to Ottawa on important business. He is there for the week-end. Colonel Holland accompanies him.

BRIGADIER JACOBS visits Barrie, Major Collier is at the Richmond street tent, and the Staff Band at Uxbridge. Rumor says that Colonel Holland will lead the band in place of Major Friedrich.

THE WELLS' HILL CAMP MEETINGS are well in hand. Everybody is interested in the arrival of Colonel Stitt and Brigadier Clibborn.

THE COMMANDANT has arranged to conduct special services at Peterboro on Saturday and Sunday, June 29th and 30th, and possibly Dominion Day.

ENSIGN STEWART passed through the city to the funeral of her dear father, who has been suddenly called away. We bespeak the prayers of all our readers on her behalf.

ANOTHER LASSIES' BAND! Major Howell says that he expects to have one start off on July 1st. God bless the lassies.

CAPTAIN COWDEN arrived from North Bay last Friday and has been appointed to the Rescue Home, Parkdale, under Adjutant Hilts. Ensign McDonald has left for Ottawa.

OUR DEAR COMRADES, Major and Mrs. Jewer, left this morning for an extended furlough. May God bless the Major with a speedy return of health and strength. Everybody pray for him.

ENSIGN McAMMOND, of Bowmanville, is taking charge of the Central Ontario Tent Brigade. CAPT. ROSS, late of the G. B. M. scheme, will be appointed to a corps under Major Howell.

A GREAT STAFF CHANGE takes place on July 1st in Newfoundland, affecting nearly every staff officer in the Colony.

MAJOR AND MRS. FRIEDRICH and little Otto got a good send-off at the Depot last Monday night. The Commandant and H. Q.'s Staff gave them a "God-speed."

ANOTHER PROMOTION.—Just as we go to press we hear of the death of Captain McHarg's father. He died a triumphant death. May God comfort those bereaved!

Special for the "Cry."

COMMANDANT AND STAFF at Oakville. Splendid tent meetings. Great interest and big crowds. People delighted; Staff Band to the front; Much good done.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

ADJUTANT HORN, Chief Accountant, Territorial Headquarters, to be *STAFF-CAPTAIN.*

ENSIGN PHILLIPS, Printing Manager, Territorial Headquarters, to be *ADJUTANT.*

ENSIGN RAWLINGS, Chief Assistant, Western Province, to be *ADJUTANT.*

ENSIGN COWAN, Halifax Rescue Home, to be *ADJUTANT.*

Captain Green, Owen Sound District, to be *ENSIGN.*

APPOINTMENTS—

MAJOR FRIEDRICH, Trade Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, to take command of the new Pacific Province.

MAJOR HOWELL, Chief Assistant, Eastern Province to take command of the Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR STREETON, Comptroller of Finance, to be Private Secretary to the Commandant.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HORN, Chief Accountant, to be Trade Secretary, under Brigadier Jacobs.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SMETON, Chief Assistant, West Ontario Province, to be Comptroller of Finance, under Brigadier Jacobs.

ENSIGN SHEA, of the North-West Provincial Headquarters, to be Chief Assistant in the Pacific Province.

ENSIGN McDONALD, Toronto Rescue Home, to take charge of Ottawa Rescue Home.

ENSIGN H. MORRIS, Cashier, to be Chief Accountant, under Staff-Capt. Smeeton.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

War Cry.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.

Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

BRAVO! Major and Mrs. F.

THREE DAYS' notice to drop the thousand threads of a most important position after six years on the spot, to do a journey of 3,000 miles and face the problems of a new and responsible fight, and to do it all with a smile, begotten of confidence in God, is a triumph indeed.

GOD BLESS you, Major and Mrs. Friedrich. May victory attend your fighting.

MAJOR JEWER.

The sympathies of all who know him are with him.

A TYPICAL Salvationist, he has won golden opinions from the Commandant and Mrs. Booth downwards.

WE WANT to see his hearty, smiling face back again. Let those who love our Lord Jesus Christ bear in mind the War Cry's recent editorial, and pray in faith for the Major's recovery.

• • •

GOD BLESS and sustain the Major's true help-meet, Mrs. Jewer.

MAJOR HOWELL.

WELCOME! Thrice welcome.

GLAD TO SEE that Toronto Salvationism was alive like the Easterners, were you? We are that.

NOTE THIS, Major: These Torontonians have sense and conscience; you just come on and give them the unadulterated Salvation Army that the Commandant describes as having its Alpha and Omega in Jesus, and Torontonians will follow you right to the THROAT of the King's enemies.

God bless Major and Mrs. Howell.

• • •

TO Staff-Captain Horn, our new Trade Secretary, Adjutant Phillips, printing manager, and all persons struck by this cyclone of appointments, transfers, and promotions, the War Cry wishes prosperity in the sight of God and man.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS is, thank God, again in the fight, and full of plans to drive the devil.

LOOK OUT next week for a list of new advances programmed for the summer months in the West Ontario Province.

MRS. MARGETTS, one of our most heroic women, after faithfully nursing and tenderly caring for her husband, only just escaped a severe illness. She, too, we rejoice to say, is recovering.

Major Howell,

The New P.S. for Central Ontario.

Tells His Tale to a "War Cry" Interviewer.

MAJOR HOWELL, NEWLY ARRIVED FROM THE EAST, looked brown and hearty, his dark Welsh eyes full of fire and zeal, prepared for fervent, aggressive action in the Central Ontario Province.

"How are you, Major? We are delighted to welcome you. And how is Mrs. Howell?"

"Mrs. Howell is quite well, thank you, and so are the children. I'm very glad to be here."

"How many little ones have you?"

"Just two."

"You've been away a long time from us."

MAJOR HOWELL.

"It's four years now I've been in the Maritime Provinces. During that time I have had the Moncton, St. John and Halifax Districts, and I have been chief assistant for the Provincial Secretary for the last twelve months."

"And you have enjoyed it?"

"Oh, yes, thoroughly.

The Maritime Province People

are a fine class. No stiffness or hardness among them. They all feel at home together."

"Have you many new openings?"

"Not many. You see, it's a pretty well established place already, and there has been nothing to shake them. They hold to all their early simplicity. They believe in the Army thoroughly."

"Then you have good crowds?"

"Yes, and the open-airs are wonderful. BRIGADIER SCOTT they received with open arms and hearts. He had a beautiful reception. At Woodstock the Mayor took part. Altogether during his welcome tour there were a hundred penitents forward."

"That's grand."

"He held two councils at St. John, and one at Halifax."

• • •

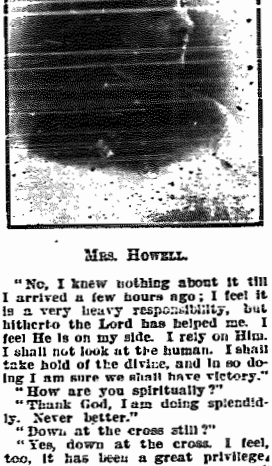
"There's a great deal of SHIPPING that way, is there not?"

"Shipping and farming are the chief features. You understand, it's right on the coast of the Atlantic, close to the salt water, so that very large ships can come into port, taking lots of timber away to England and Scotland, etc., in connection with the lumbering trade. Then there are sugar refineries and many factories where our soldiers work. Oh, they are good, those Maritime soldiers! They've got backbone. They can give a straight testimony. The finance is well, too. The Commandant has

The Fullest Sympathy of the Troops

down east in his difficulties. They admire his pluck and energy. We feel it is an example to the whole country—the world, in fact."

"How do you like your new appointment—did you know you were coming to the Central Province oversight?"



MRS. HOWELL.

"No, I knew nothing about it till I arrived a few hours ago; I feel it is a very heavy responsibility, but hitherto the Lord has helped me. I feel He is on my side. I rely on Him. I shall not look at the human. I shall take hold of the divine, and in so doing I am sure we shall have victory."

"How are you spiritually?"

"Thank God, I am doing splendidly. Never better."

"Down at the cross still?"

"Yes, down at the cross. I feel, too, it has been a great privilege, and a preparation for my present work, to have been permitted to serve under two such great and good men as BRIGADIER JACOBS and BRIGADIER SCOTT. What I have learnt from them will be of untold value to me in the responsible position I shall hold now."

• • •

"What are the prospects in the Maritime Provinces for the summer?"

"Grand. Brigadier Scott has a campaign laid out for the three coming months, covering June, July and August. The first month is specially for preparation, prayer, fasting, waiting upon God, with arrangements for all to pray together at certain hours all through the corps. Then all the second month desperate battles for souls, souls, souls! That will be the great united, determined cry. Then the third month will be the shout of joy over victories accomplished, with the enrolment of recruits. All the soldiers in the Province will take part. In addition to this there are to be about

Two Months' Camp Meetings

held successively at Yarmouth, Windsor, Annapolis, Truro, New Glasgow, Charlottetown, Summerside, Fredericton, Woodstock, and, if time permits, some other places also. The tent will seat some eight hundred people. You might mention the "JUBALS' BRIGADE," also the Jubilee Band, last winter, that was a blessing to the Province, with an eight weeks' trip, good finance, and a hundred and fifty souls, all told."

• • •

"What is the character of the difficulties in the way of the Salvation war in that part of the world?"

"Why, as for that, I don't know that we have any special obstacles. Possibly the main opposition comes to us on certain doctrinal points. As far as the police go, we have everything our own way. The authorities give us full protection. The marriage act was passed and the railway people grant us the same privilege as clergymen for travelling. Of course, Halifax is a MILITARY TOWN, and there are a great many sailors. They are English man-o'-war's men many of them, and from all parts of the world. Of course, there is a great deal of drinking. It is said to be one of the worst towns that way.

A Great Deal of Vice and Crime.

There's the merchant service, and a company of artillery, and a company of engineers. But the military hold a stiff hand over the soldiers, and a very close oversight. There are certain streets with a very bad reputation that they are forbidden to be seen on. They are called 'out of bounds.'"

"Has the sailors come to the barracks pretty well—and the Shelter?"

"Oh, yes, they appreciate our Army and the Shelter. Ensign Andrews is pushing things ahead at the Shelter well. I chanced to be in there one day at dinner time, and there were no less than fifty to be served. It is more than paying its way, and they are clearing off the debt incurred in the opening."

"How is our Rescue Home?"

"It is fixed up in good, substantial form, well adapted for its purpose, in a nice part of the city. Mr. John Naylor has been a very practical friend to the Home."

"How did you leave Brigadier and Mrs. Scott?"

"Mrs. Scott was not very well, the climate was a trifle too strong for her at first."

"And the pretty little girl?"

"Oh, she is growing, and getting on nicely, with the exception of a cough, which we hope is only temporary. Brigadier sent his love to the Commandant and all his comrades. He was in splendid spirits. They came to the station and gave me a good send off. The East will always have a warm place in my heart. We feel the breakdown of Major Jewer keenly. He has the sympathy and many prayers of all his eastern comrades."

"How's your faith for victory?"

"Good. I have my heart set on pushing the war extra vigorously in Toronto. I feel I can rely on the hearty co-operation of the Salvationists, both at Headquarters and the corps. This is an old battleground, Mrs. H. having served as Captain at Lisgar Street, Riverside, Richmond Street, and I myself at Riverside, and we were stationed at the Temple for ten months after our marriage."

"And how do you feel, Major, about your present appointment?"

"Well, the honor conferred upon Mrs. Howell and myself in being appointed here is so unexpected that we can scarcely find words to express ourselves. We feel deeply the love and confidence of our leaders, and we will endeavor to be faithful to the trust reposed in us, and show our appreciation by fidelity to the Army's principles."

"Have you any special plans for your Province?"

"Well, Major Jewer had a number of schemes partly under way. I shall endeavor to carry them out heartily, and also to add to them as occasion offers.

RAPID CITY.—Souls convicted, big times in open air, people interested. We are believing for one of the biggest smashes yet in this place. It's glorious when you can see the devil howling. Some one slung a dead fish in at us in the prayer meeting. The devil has tried every scheme possible to down us, but in spite we are rising.—Capt. J. W. Spencer.

EMERSON.—Victory! 24th of May well filled in. 2 p.m., united soldiers' council. Beautiful time; 3 p.m., great demonstration at race course; 6 p.m., soldiers' tea; 7.30 p.m., big open air; 8 o'clock, hallelujah prize fight, without gloves. American and Canadian warriors in full war paint brought the crowd. Fire crackers, smart Alecks, and other inconveniences. Special meeting last week at Pratford, North Dakota. Good crowds, ONE SOUL.—C. Jarvis, Capt.

CARBERRY.—We have been going ahead. One brother gave $5 in the cap at a prayer meeting, then gave himself. Another one bellowed like a calf, but is properly saved to-day, hallelujah! THREE last Thursday and ONE on Sunday night.—Arthur Wilkins, Captain.

AUTOHARP WANTED.

MRS. BOOTH will gladly welcome the donation of an autoharp for the SLUM HOME, or the money to purchase one.

HOLINESS.

"But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."—Romans vi.22." One of the questions that agitates the religious world at the present time is holiness, or sanctification, or deliverance from sin. And no other doctrine meets with so much opposition from some professing Christians.

Why it meets with so much opposition is not difficult to understand, but is fully explained in 1 Cor., ii. 14.

The highest authority we have is God's word, and that word distinctly teaches the doctrine of holiness from beginning to end. In the verse quoted it is so strongly set forth that no other would seem to be necessary to convince any reasonable mind that there were a people whom Paul was addressing who had already attained to this state, for he says NOW, at this present time, being made free from sin.

Is it necessary to be holy in this life to get to Heaven? Yes! God has commanded it, and if we disobey His commands we sin, and no sin can enter Heaven.

Let us look for a moment at the reason why we must be holy, or be banished from God forever. God created man for His own glory, and that man might enjoy Him forever, therefore He created him in His own image, pure and holy. He also made him a free will agent, and not a mere machine, as some would have us believe, and man of his own free will disobeyed God, broke His command, therefore sinned and became a sinner and unfit to glorify Him. But that was not all, he did not enjoy Him, for when God appeared in the garden he hid himself from God. And it is just so to-day. Men and women disobey God's commands, therefore they do not glorify Him, nor do they enjoy Him, but their enjoyment is in the things of this world. Some enjoy lust, some pride, some self-glory, some fashion, some other things. Therefore in order that we may glorify Him and enjoy Him we must be delivered from that which separates us from Him in the first place.

But some say it is impossible, we simply cannot live without sinning. God sent His angel to announce the birth of Christ, and this was the message: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," Matt. i. 21. Again, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil," 1 John, iii. 8. What is the work of the devil? SIN. Where are these works located? In the hearts of men and women. Then if sin is destroyed in the heart it is fully destroyed in the person, for if the heart be pure the life will be holy. Also read 1 John i. 9. Therefore if it is necessary to be holy to enter Heaven, and if it is possible to be made holy here and now, why delay any longer, but accept of the remedy. "To as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

My dear reader, that is the remedy; come to the cross and get that power that will not only cleanse your heart from all sin, but will keep you from falling.

Hallelujah! I have proved the fact of the above, although I struggled for years, but when I gave up my struggles, renounced the world, crucified self, He came in like a flood and He now enables me to glorify Him in my life, and I do enjoy Him now, I enjoy His word, prayer and testimony. That His Spirit may enlighten your heart is the prayer of

AUX. A. A. WHITTEKER.

A MEAN FELLOW put his head out of a railway car window and made some nasty remarks to some members of the S. A., who were just bidding their officers good-bye at the depot. The color-sergeant being close at hand accidentally (?) let the banner pole drop on his head, at which our worthy said, "Do you call that salvation?" "No," replied the Sergeant, "that's the flag pole!" It's to be hoped it was a good lesson to him.

SOLDIER at Pembroke. LIEUTENANT at Montreal II. CANDIDATE at Brockville. CAPTAIN at Knowlton. CADET at Carleton Place. CAPTAIN at Richmond St. Tent.

Capt. McKenzie,

Of Toronto,

Gives Quaint Replies to Queries.

Major Complin gave me a letter some time ago asking a lot of questions, which he desires me to answer as my life sketch. I have been looking at it for the last two months till it has become my desk ghost, so here goes to banish it.

How I Met the Army.

Ten years ago, at Brockville, one Sunday morning, while I was under the infatuation of a five cent novel, I heard the yelling of a crowd of my brother hoodlums, mingled with a couple of men's voices singing. My spell was broken and I rushed outside to see two men dressed as I am now, in the hands of two policemen. They were singing like mad, and as they neared the station house one of them spoke. I did not hear a word he said. The sight was so strange that I was mute. I had been to Harry Lindley's caricatures of the Army and had laughed. I had learned one of his puns which was made upon a local resident, and had often sung it:

Charlie F——, he felt very small,
He couldn't secure the Victoria hall,
He bought a ticket for Montreal
And joined the Salvation Army, O.

These men, though ,were not joking; they seemed in earnest. The prison doors closed upon them and I went home curious. Monday morning they were sentenced for ten days in jail. Capt. Wiggins and Cadet Bell, lassies, were sent to supply during their term of imprisonment, and I made my way to one of their meetings, but they were too dry, so I did not bother them again for some time. At my next visit the jail birds were in charge, and the rattle and bang, the earnest testimony of something definite done, and the friendliness of the Cadet took me by storm. I became a regular attender.

Impression Produced upon Me.

I have already touched on this question, but I might just add, not what has been said impressed me so much as how it was said. As I look back those years I can yet see the outstretched hands and pleading face of that Cadet. Earnestness impressed me and made me in earnest. Thank God a thousand times for such a people!

My Candidate Days.

He never asked for my soldier days. A year and five months I fought as a soldier. A book could be written on those glorious, happy, hallelujah days, five months in the open air, etc., but I must answer the questions. I was saved but three months when a visiting special put his hand on my head and told me when the corps got too big there was room in the field. I went home almost dancing that night with the thought of the field, but that thought was soon dispelled when it came to the testimony meeting the next night, for I was very backward. I entertained no hopes of the field, and was quite happy as a soldier, but I gradually came out bolder for God and then it was presented to me. I applied and was accepted. I was apprenticed to the machinist trade at the time and on my last year. (The rest of the questions please accept in bulk.)

I had not the privilege of being in a training home, but I had a good hard corps for a start off, the hardest I've ever been in, Carleton Place. Our bread and water was sure all right, and we had some extra thrown in, but not every day. I enjoyed it, though; I gloried in it. God forbid that I should ever turn my glory into shame, as some have done. The next cro s was the opposite, and we lived on the fat of the land, plenty of friends, etc., etc., but I don't believe I was any happier, if as much so. I have had 17 appointments, been six years in the field. Out of it once. Can play "with" about twenty musical instruments, write shorthand, mind my own business, and fight for God. Please accept this for the present as an introduction to a long story of warfare in my various appointments later on, when I improve my descriptive powers, if I have any.

CAPT. F. McKENZIE.

Bayonet Thrusts

— FOR —

Fighting Soldiers.

BY W. McLAUCHLIN, Soldier at Paris, Ont.

—KEEP SMILING, no matter how rough the water is; for if you stop to growl you're sure to sink.

—BEAR IN MIND that the devil never sleeps.

—NEVER LET your light go out.

—The devil never bothers those he knows he has already got.

—LOOK THE DEVIL straight in the face, and he will soon leave you.

—IT IS BETTER to die in the harness than to have one foot over the trace.

—THE DEVIL likes to get in your inside vest pocket and then watch his chance to creep into the heart.

—A POPULAR MAN gets patted on the back; a man of God shows many a scar.

—IF YOU TRAVEL to hell you will have lots of company. But if you start for Heaven you will often have to stand alone.

—THE DEVIL is stronger than you are. Therefore don't risk yourself out of the arms of Jesus.

—DON'T KICK your neighbor's dog because some one else does. Speak of people as you find them. Hold fast to the truth. Stand firm for the right. Oppose the wrong. Lift high your colors. Smile at the devil and march on.

Naval Notes.

S. S. WILLIAM BOOTH.

I AM DUTY BOUND to mention the great kindness shown us by the people of AMHERSTBURG. Not only did the corps do all they could to assist us, but Mr. SHIPMAN gave us four tons of coal, and "more if your bunkers could hold it." This is another proof of God's goodness to us in answer to the Adjutant's prayer for assistance.

After eighteen miles run up Detroit river we reached Windsor. Here we were met by the

Famous Lasses' Band,

who escorted us to the barracks.

Although the weather was warm, the barracks was well filled by a very attentive audience.

TUESDAY, band practice and open air meeting, large crowds following us, great excitement prevailing.

WEDNESDAY.—This was

The Eventful Day

when we left Canada to attack satan's strongholds in Detroit. We expected to have great trouble in landing, as regards our instruments and music, but a bond was given for the latter, whilst the CUSTOM HOUSE INSPECTOR was very good, hardly opening our valises. The heat was so intense one man keeled over. Evening, open air meeting, large crowds on street, great excitement prevailing.

THURSDAY afternoon we steamed over to Detroit, where we took aboard a party of Salvationists and friends, taking up a collection to defray expenses.

In evening had march and open air meeting in front of the City Hall, before a tremendous crowd of people.

Staff-Captain Gifford

was present and offered his valuable assistance. To use his own words, "He knew how to manage the Yankee people. Then we marched to the barracks, where a large crowd had assembled. They created a Bedlam of noise, but the officers calmed our fears by telling us that they were all harmless and that we were in Yankee Land now. Adj. McGillivray then addressed the meeting, briefly stating our modus operandi, etc., etc., and asking for a little assistance to carry on God's work, when the Ensign stepped in and said, "All those who have faith for $6 say 'amen,'" Another brother pulled him back, at the same time exclaiming, "All those who have faith for $10 say 'amen.' You raise $4 and I'll give the other $6. Only $2 was raised, but he kept his word by giving us $6 and one ton of coal.

SATURDAY.—Left Windsor at 6 a.m., and after a lovely sail through LAKE ST. CLAIR and up the romantic river Thames, arrived at CHATHAM. What an advertising we gave our Brigade! Such a tooting of whistles, blowing of horns, beating of drums, until we managed at last to get the turnkey to open the bridges, and here the Chatham band, who played extremely well, gave us

A Huge Reception,

escorted us to their barracks, and did all in their power to make us at home. Evening open air meeting, huge crowds listening to Adj. McGillivray's powerful utterances. After the usual music and testimonies we went into the prayer meeting and had a glorious time.

CAPT. BARR, our advance agent, accompanied us to Chatham and rendered great assistance by his fine solos and concertina playing.

"THE ONLOOKER."

GOD is the ocean, man is but the stream;—sometimes only a stagnant pool.

—:—

JESUS turns the water into wine when our spirits look absolutely to Him only.

—:—

SIGNS and wonders are still done by people led of the Holy Ghost.

—:—

DO the promises of God produce real facts in your experience?

GUELPH, —: THE :— ROYAL CITY.

"SEND HER VICTORIOUS,
HAPPY AND GLORIOUS,
LONG TO REIGN OVER US,
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

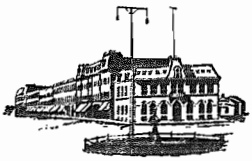
IF THERE LINGERS still any vestige of the once popular impression that Canada is simply a vast field of ice and snow, valuable for its fur and pine-producing purposes, it would all vanish once and forever with one glance to-day at our truly royal town of

MARKET SQUARE, GUELPH.

GUELPH. If our friends from beyond the Herring Pond could but stand on the summit of the hill in the midst of the city, and view the lovely vista of hills and dales, and softly-wooded distance, they might safely conclude that earth after all has

Something Left of Paradise.

On every side the eye rests satisfied upon a full complement of harmony of form and color. Handsome lawns and boulevards slope gently to the water's edge. Broken elevations are crowned with quaint houses and well kept gardens.



POST OFFICE AND UPPER WYNDHAM STREET,
A famous Open-air Stand.

Wide streets are flanked with stone-built houses and public buildings, fetched in from the neighboring quarry. Miles of permanent white stone pavement, laid by the city engineer, shine almost radiantly clean and neat in the down-beating rays of the summer sun, and good gravel roads radiate from the centre to the circumference, and away into the country, where the industrious farmers dig and delve, or reap and mow.

CITY HALL, GUELPH.

But one of the most conspicuous and curious landmarks of the city belongs to the C. P. R. It is nothing more nor less than the spacious and primeval log residence of Mr. J. Galt, said to have been one of the earliest, if not the first, built in Guelph, now converted into a passenger station for the C. P. R.

THIS HILLY CITY is beautifully situated on the two forks of

The River Speed,

for ever reflecting the sky, with its windings banked by low-branching balsams or cedars, or shining on the level of rich, refreshing grass-land—a constant marvel of the grace and love of God, in colors of emerald and myrtle-green, cut with pure azure, crystal bright.

THE WATER SUPPLY is about the best to be found, clear, cold, and pure, and fed from springs. This, and the excellent natural drainage facilities, as well as the fine hill air, conduce to render Guelph one of the healthiest of cities in the Dominion.

THE COUNTRY is a little out of the fruit district, but it is noted as a barley-growing section. The stock-raising industry has caused Guelph sometimes to be called

"The Smithfield of Canada."

AND THE PARKS! no wonder Guelph people are proud of their parks, with their flowering trees, thick shrubbery and sprinkling fountains.

Banks, schools, and business blocks, alternate, half hidden often with shade trees. We are told of no less than sixty factories in the town. Amongst the most prominent is the

BELL ORGAN AND PIANO FACTORY, GUELPH.

"BELL ORGAN COMPANY," with its great output of organs and pianos, of excellent musical quality. The Sewing Machine Manufactory also generously and voluntarily donated a valuable and much-esteemed machine to the S. A. quarters.

THE COURT-HOUSE AND JAIL of Wellington, of which Guelph is the county town, are both built in baronial style. The night is lighted with no less than ninety electric arc lights.

The Royal City was aptly named after the regnant dynasty, Guelph being the family name of Queen Victoria.

Long Live Her Majesty.

And all the Salvationists said "AMEN."

—:—

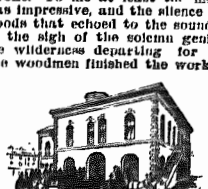
THE MEMORABLE TREE.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW"—"TO HIM THAT SOWETH RIGHTEOUSNESS IS SURE REWARD."

The account of the FOUNDING OF THE TOWN OF GUELPH is so full of suggestion that we would fain quote it all instead of a fragment. It is taken from the annals compiled under the direction of the editor of the "Herald," whilst some of our pictures were provided by the "Mercury."

Mr. T. Galt described how on his arrival in 1827 the district was one dense forest, through which not even a blazed Indian path was visible, the only trace of human habitation being an Indian hut, long since deserted. Choosing the spot most advantageously adapted for the site of a proposed town, he proceeded as follows. He wrote:

"It was consistent with my plan to invest our ceremony with a little mystery, the better to make it remembered. A large maple tree was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To me at least the moment was impressive, and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever. The woodmen finished the work. The



GUELPH FIRE DEPARTMENT.

tree fell with a crash of accumulated thunder,

As if Ancient Nature Were Alarmed

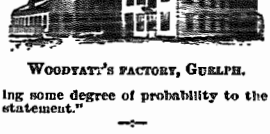
at the entrance of social man into her innocent solitudes with his sorrows, his follies and his crimes. I do not suppose that the sublimity of the occasion was unfelt by the others, for I noticed that after the tree fell, there was a funereal pause as when the coffin is lowered in the grave."

CENTRAL SCHOOL, GUELPH.

"The spot where the memorable tree stood is now covered by the embankment at the south-west end of the Grand Trunk Railway bridge over the Speed. It has been stated that after the tree was felled Mr. Pryor laid

His Hand upon the Stump,

and stretching his fingers as far apart as possible, indicated the direction in which the streets of the new town were to be laid out. The direction of the principal streets in that part of the town, radiating as they do from that spot, almost in the form of a fan, might be considered as lend-



WOODYATT'S FACTORY, GUELPH.

ing some degree of probability to the statement."

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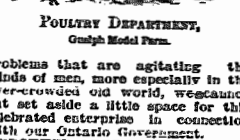
Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm.

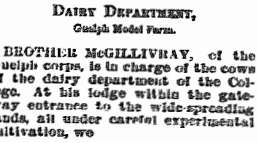
PROFOUNDLY AND ACTIVELY INTERESTED as the Salvation Army is at the present day in the social



POULTRY DEPARTMENT,
Guelph Model Farm.

problems that are agitating the minds of men, more especially in the over-crowded old world, we cannot but set aside a little space for this celebrated enterprise in connection with our Ontario Government.

BROTHER GREEN, now in charge of our Toronto Social Farm Dairy, was recently transferred from practical labor in connection with this remarkable establishment.



DAIRY DEPARTMENT,
Guelph Model Farm.

BROTHER McGILLIVRAY, of the Guelph corps, is in charge of the cows of the dairy department of the College. At his lodge within the gateway entrance to the wide-spreading lands, all under careful experimental cultivation, we

Tested the Rich Cream

by tasting it. At his direction, and with Mrs. McGillivray, we walked through the cow-sheds, entered the College class-rooms, questioned the courteous professors, watched the butter churn, saw the curds transforming to cheese, traversed the grounds, sniffed up the fragrance of blossom in the conservatories, peered into the museum, half-curied the students, and explored generally.

CARPENTER SHOP AND FARM BUILDINGS,
Guelph Model Farm.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM in connection with the College, covers 550 acres of good soil, 313 of which is worked as an ordinary farm, 130 acres is laid out as experimental plots, and the balance is tastefully arranged in gardens, lawns and fields.

IT IS CONDUCTED under the direction of

The Hon. John Dryden,

Minister of Agriculture. It is adorned with commodious farm buildings, thoroughly equipped with all the most modern improvements, and every contrivance for practical instruction in agriculture, dairying, chemistry, botany, horticulture, cattle-rearing, chicken farming, veterinary science, and all other subjects required by farmers.

BOTANICAL LABORATORY AND GREEN-HOUSES,
Guelph Model Farm.

FULL COURSES OF LECTURES, with diplomas, are given to the students, who are chiefly young men from this continent, and not a few from the Old Country and various parts of the world. Hundreds of excursionists visit the Farm, including farmers from all the surrounding country.

THE SWEEPING VICTORIES won at the World's Fair by Ontario in this agricultural line, uphold the cause, and speak well for the existence of the O. A. C.

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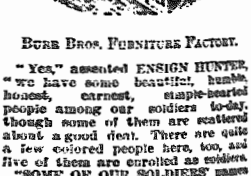
The Salvation Army in Guelph.

THE HISTORY OF GUELPH CORPS has already been fully and brightly written up for the "Cry," with sketches of some of the leading soldiers, by Mrs. Sweetman, wife of Ex-Staff Captain Sweetman. She fired the first shot in the city, in command, with Capt. Churchill, now Mrs. Dawson, also a resident, and a soldier of the corps.



BURR BROS. FURNITURE FACTORY.

"Yes," assented ENSIGN HUNTER, "we have some beautiful, humble, honest, earnest, simple-hearted people among our soldiers to-day, though some of them are scattered about a good deal. There are quite a few colored people here, too, and five of them are enrolled as soldiers.

"SOME OF OUR SOLDIERS' names are well-known, and their lives have appeared already in the War Cry. WALTER SCOTT, for instance, who has been a contributor on boilers for a long time. Then there is Brother Cormie, next door to the quarters, Sergeant-Major, a painter by trade, and who tells how God delivered him from the drink devil. There are three sisters, soldiers, two of them were converted seven years ago in the young soldiers' meetings, and there are three younger ones springing up,

getting ready for the ranks, and all six of them truly converted. It's impossible to mention all one would like to among the number on the books.

"BROTHER McGILLIVARY is in charge of the cows at the Experimental Farm, and Brother Green, who worked in the garden there, left us for the Social Farm at Toronto. Walter Scott has the G. B. M. in command, and it is doing well under his direction. His daughter Mabel and Sergt. Bella Williams are both active workers. Brother Dawson leads a Bible class and teaches the Juniors.

KENNEDY'S LIME KILN, GUELPH.

"THE MARCHES are a little bit trying on account of the town being so hilly, so many slopes, and twists, and undulations hither and thither.

"THE BARRACKS, unfortunately, although finely built and capacious, is situated in a position out of the run of the class of people we should like to get. They won't come out of their way and uphill; it's no use to expect it—especially this weather, everybody wants to be out of doors.

"THE OPEN AIR CROWDS, however, are beautiful. They look for us and expect us, and listen very quietly and attentively. There must be two or three hundred sometimes, including the people at the windows and in the rigs that stand, almost all men, sometimes not a woman amongst them. We have different corners on different nights, especially the post-office stand and the drug store corner. We have magnificent opportunities for preaching the pure Gospel to the unsaved there, while scarcely a Sunday night passes but some soul kneels at the penitent form. On Monday we have our ward meetings, only recently commenced, but developing well."

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BRO. BROWN, THE GUELPH DRUMMER.

"I'M GOING UP, YES, GOING UP, TO SEE THE BLEEDING LAMB."

"THE LORD HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME all the way through," was the grateful, softly-spoken testimony of our colored comrade—ever ready with the note of thanksgiving and praise. Indeed, it is almost worth a special excursion to Guelph to hear Brother Brown, with Mrs. Brown, chorus the quaint song, "Going Up." We tried to get the music in vain. Possibly it was brought from the old plantation by his run-away slave father, with its inimitable trills, triplets and tremolos and double demi-semi-quavers.

"Before I was saved I was next door to an infidel," he continued. "I attended infidel meetings. I floated on that way, I floated on down-hill till I heard the Salvation Army. They appeared to me at first to be something like a minstrel troupe — that's what the Army appeared to me.

"I kept going to the open-air till I got

To the Drill-Shed,

and when I got there I couldn't stop away. Mrs. Brown sin thought it was terrible of me to chum up with such a common lot. She would leave me, she said, if I went. But I kept on anyway. I couldn't stop away. It seemed as if the Army took me by force, and before I was converted, however, I was tempted, it was as if the Lord gave Davie Field the right word for me just at the right moment.

"Many a night after the meeting I would come home and stand at my door wondering whether to go in or not. But I kept my mouth shut when my wife took at me cross. Then she quit bothering me and the Lord changed her heart round, and soon she loved the Army just as much as I did, and we've been fighting on together just like little children ever since, and we intend to fight on. I love the Army from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I love my drum, although my salvation is not in my drum. I mean if my drum was taken from me I should not lose my salvation. I desire to do my Father's will. I've been teased many a time about it. It's been said many a time, 'Brown, you're a fool to carry that old drum; you're not strong enough; let the younger people take it.' But I should like to carry it if I may till the Lord calls me up higher. I always loved music, but since I was converted the Lord has given me so much more music — MUSIC FROM MY SOUL."

—:—

FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY!

BROTHER PHILPOT, ONE OF THE ROYAL GUELPH RELIABLES.

"THE BEDFORDSHIRE HEROES," they called us. Ours was Her Majesty's Sixteenth Regiment, and we were sent out here to fight the folks on the other side of the line. It came to nothing, though we traveled on to Toronto. We were wanted in connection with

The Fenian Raid.

They were nothing more than a lot of roughs, I call them. They had come over here from Buffalo under a man named O'Neil, who was making a great blow about setting Ireland at liberty. There was quite a bit of fighting, quite a few were killed, some on one side and some on the other. It would have gone hard on the volunteers if we had not been there to help them, because at that time they were not disciplined, but in the army when an order is given a man has got to do it. Most of the Fenians went back to Buffalo, and that was the end of them.

* * *

I BOUGHT OUT MY DISCHARGE and came on here to Guelph in 1868. I thought it looked such a nice, clean, healthy place, and I met a girl who had lived in the same village with me, but who had come out to Canada some years before me.

So that's how I married and settled here. But one reason I left was because the Color-Sergeant and I couldn't agree, although I had two good conduct badges, and I had been eight years in the Army. I drank a good deal, but I wasn't what you may call a drunkard, though some people say it's the first glass makes the drunkard, because with the first glass you come under its influence. If you are on picket duty and they see you taste one glass they will take your belt and

Look You in the Guard-Room.

for drunkenness. But you can tell how innocent I was, for when my mother died in our little village in the east of England, I took all the pall-bearers to the tavern and treated them. Drinking was so much more the correct thing in those days.

* * *

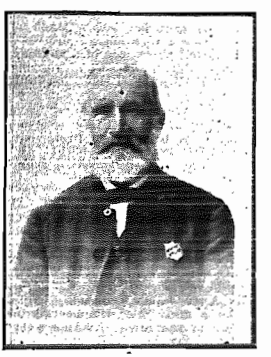
ELEVEN YEARS AGO on the eighteenth of May I was converted, when the Army opened fire here and Captain Churchill and Lieut. Cowan were in command.

When I first saw them I thought they were a set of sharpers, who had come to make money, but I soon changed my opinion. I didn't go to church at all, because I considered I was living just as good as any of them.

But when I went to the Army I found as I started to go away I couldn't get up.

I Was Chained There

to my seat. But I was afraid of the people, afraid if I tried I should fail. But I found I had to ask for a Power within me to help me to do right. I could not do it in my own strength. I went forward and God saved me, and took the taste for liquor clean away. I've never wanted it from that day, eleven years ago, to this. I believe in the salvation of Jesus Christ from experience, and it means no small thing to testify to it in a town where you are well-known and as closely watched as we Salvationists are.



J. TINDALL, GUELPH.

Brigadier Scott's Message.

TO MY EASTERN COMRADES,

Officers and Soldiers.

My Dear Comrades:—

Though late, I presume it will not be out of place to convey to you, through the columns of the War Cry, my feelings, hopes and desires regarding the Eastern Province. A little over two months ago we landed in your midst. Since that time we have had the privilege of visiting all the centres, taking in likewise a number of the corps. As soon as possible I hope to be able to see each comrade, and take part in the fight in each corps in the East. Allow me to say how thoroughly we appreciated

The Enthusiastic Welcomes

accorded us at our various meetings throughout the command. I cannot forget the open-air demonstration, the grand displays of Salvation Armyism and blood and fire spirit manifested. It made me feel we had come amongst a warm-hearted people. Then what shall I say of the inside gatherings? The expressions of love, loyalty, and confidence, all made me feel so unworthy, and led me to cry to God and say, "Lord, what am I?"

When I think of those demonstrations and gatherings, I feel thankful, and give to God all the glory. We shall not forget our first meeting in St. John, nor the souls that cried for salvation. Then came Fredericton, Yarmouth, Halifax, New Glasgow, Moncton, Woodstock, and other places. Visiting all those places and meeting with warm-hearted receptions, has made us feel the oneness of the Salvation Army in the Maritime Provinces. It has been a great encouragement to note the interest, enthusiasm and hearty co-operation in the whole list of welcome meetings. Again, to look back and note that

One Hundred Souls

have been forward for pardon and purity is gratifying in every sense of the word. Hallelujah!!!

MY FEELINGS.

It will be difficult to explain how I felt upon receipt of orders for the East. Feelings of responsibility, anxiety, mingled with feelings of joy and gladness: responsibility and anxiety regarding the work of the Army, its character, standing and influence, and considering the love and esteem in which my predecessor was held, I felt the burden rather heavy, and feelings of joy and gladness that I had come in the midst of such a warm-hearted crowd of Salvationists, to share their joys, sorrows, victories, and difficulties, and help to win a good harvest for the kingdom.

MY HOPES.

I had hoped and prayed that God would come mightily to our help in this undertaking. Hezekiah spread his letter before the Lord, Nehemiah made known his requests unto God, Daniel breathed out his petitions to the Almighty, the Apostle Paul tells us to "pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks." While I hoped and prayed for guidance, blessings and victory, I somehow felt that the Lord Jehovah was going to be our "exceeding great reward." To say that our hopes have been fulfilled only expresses it mildly. We look back and can see traces of His divine hand, and glory in the achievements that have taken place since landing in your midst. Glory be to God!!

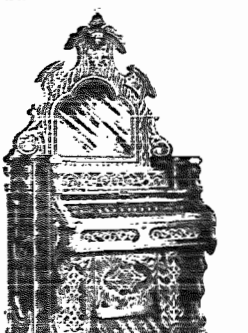
MY DESIRES.

My desire was to be made unto each comrade a joy and blessing, having no other object than to glorify God and live for the good of others. Those desires are still with us. Such expressions of love, confidence and loyalty that have been given utterance to our hearts heartily reciprocate, and in turn, at this juncture have the one all-absorbing desire to spend and be spent for the extension of Christ's kingdom and the good of mankind. I am at your service and are one with you in trying to stop the supplies of hell's fires:

"And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench their brands in Jesus' blood."

Accept heartiest greeting and unbounded sympathy from Mrs. Scott and myself.

Believe me, yours in the war, winning for Jesus, T. W. SCOTT.
Brigadier.



The Bell Organ. — Guelph's Beautiful Specialty.—Music as a Medicine.

It is worth while to consider a recent statement of eminent physicians that the mere exercise of singing is a great help toward the prevention, cure, or amelioration of lung diseases. There is a wonderful power in song. A singing people are a conquering people. The early Christians were singing Christians. The early church was a singing church. The great Reformation was largely an awakening of song. To this day the Germans say: "Luther conquered us by his songs." Up to God music carries our hearts, and out to men it carries our message. Let us sing. Let us all sing, more than we do. Let us praise God wherever we go.

EMMA McDOUGALL,
Goderich WAR CRY Boomer.

GODERICH.—We had ADJUTANT and MRS. TAYLOR with us for special meetings. Some good open airs, with music and singing, and some straight dealing with the people about their souls. Good meetings all day Sunday, with ONE SOUL at the close.—Capt. McIntyre.

PETERBORO'. — The meetings through the past week have been times of blessing. Sunday we had real lively meetings, although the weather was very warm. God has helped us in spite of the heat to march on.—One Who Loves the Fight.

LISGAR STREET.—Last Wednesday TWO YOUNG MEN volunteered to serve God in dead earnest and are on the marches since. One Sunday TWO SISTERS came also, making four for the week. God bless the War Cry and all its readers.—A. Boomer.

SUMMERSIDE.—Friday night one wanderer returned. Sunday, officers farwelled. Now we welcome in our midst CAPT. and MRS. ALLAN. Heard of the battles fought and victories won by them before we had the pleasure of seeing them. Believe they are the people for Summerside.—A Soldier.

MONTREAL II.—Splendid meetings all week. ONE SOUL came back to God on Sunday night. We finished up with a march round the barracks. All glory to God.—W. Goodale, Special Correspondent.

PETERBORO' DISTRICT.—The war whoop is still heard around Peterboro' corps and district. The soldiers and bandsmen gave me a good reception.

MILLBROOK.—This is where the French warriors are stationed. Of course, they like lots of fight. Blood and fire soldiers. Know how to pray. Capt. Yerex and Capt, Betts are believing for victory.

RIVERSIDE.—Glorious week end. Old time meeting. Saturday night ONE SOUL AT DRUM HEAD. Sunday all day one continual stream of blessing, ONE backslider and FIVE for purity in holiness meeting. In afternoon ONE VOLUNTEER for salvation. Night, largest march since taking charge. Real good time.—One of God's Little Ones.

GLENWOOD.—The tide of salvation is flowing over on all sides, hallelujah! Although we have had no officers here for some time, we thank God He is our leader. Ensign Blackburn has arranged for a real blood and fire jubilee here on Monday night July 8th. God bless the Ensign. May he have many souls for his hire.—W. H. Rawn, Secretary.

OMEMEE.—I heard it whispered very loudly that the Army was going down in this town, so I thought I would go and see. Away I went. I was in good time, and saw a good march, all happy and free ,and the inside meetings made me feel like going back again. They had what they call a "free and easy," but I think there were some unsaved who were not very easy, for one got up and left, only to return in a second or so with a rush to the front to get the dumb devil cast out. He said he had been saved for some years, but was speechless. The Army is going down to lift the Saviour up and get poor sinners saved. — A Lawyer's Daughter.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.— Saturday night we had four open-airs going, and the Lord wonderfully blessed us. On Sunday God was with us and at night two knelt at the cross.—Capt. Wm. Lamont, for Ensign Alward.

TEMPLE.—Another week of victory. SEVEN SOULS for the week. Stirring times in the open air. Marching on to victory, knowing no defeat. — M. Ayre, Ensign.

AURORA. — Hallelujah! Glorious times. ONE SOUL in the fountain on Saturday night. Good meetings all day Sunday. Newfoundland time in the afternoon meeting. Capt all on fire for souls.—H. H. Brayman for Capt. Lewis.

RIVERSIDE.—Just finished a week's hard work cleaning and calsomining our barracks. Thank God we have it clean and pure as our reward. Also ONE SOUL as a sign of God's approval of our labor.—Capt. Crawford.

ST. THOMAS.—On Friday we had with us CAPT. BARR, the advance agent of the Naval Brigade, who spoke of the glorious work of God in the Salvation Army. We had a good old time, free and easy meeting.—R. C. Goodchild.

AMHERST, N.S.—Good times on Sunday. THREE souls, and at our special meeting for backsliders last Thursday night a number were reclaimed, one had been a backslider for over six years. They have all returned to give God the glory, have marched and been on the platform, and will make good soldiers, I believe. —Annie Boggs, Capt.

ST. JOHN V., N.B.—On Tuesday we had a wonderful time; a service of song, entitled, "Little Alice, the Match Girl," led by Ensign Coombs and Lieut. Whittcker, Mrs. Jamieson reading, and by her wonderful power forcing the words home to sinners' hearts. Many shed tears as the story was told. At the close of the service the officers had a social. A large number of officers and soldiers from different corps came.—One Who Was There.

WATFORD.—The drenching rain, which lasted from Saturday morning till Sunday morning, did not keep the people from coming to hear STAFF-CAPT. SMEETON and his string band. CAPT. CREIGHTON jumped right into the hearts of the people with the Drunkard's Song. At night the barracks was crowded out. Much of God's presence was felt. Some present really felt their need of a Saviour, but, alas, alas, went away rejecting Him.—P. E. Bentley, Lieut., for Capt. Scott.

PICTON.—We were glad to give MAJOR and MRS. MORRIS a welcome to Picton, it being their first visit. The meetings Saturday night and Sunday were indeed times of blessing. Sunday night, crowded hall. Mrs. Morris read and spoke very feelingly. God's presence was felt. At close of meeting we had the joy of seeing FOUR PRECIOUS SOULS come to Jesus. We say, "Come again, Major and Mrs. Morris. We shall be heartily glad to see you."—H. Walker, Captain.

MIDLAND.—Last Wednesday night we had a good open-air meeting in a corner of the town. At this meeting TWO YOUNG MEN came and knelt at the drum head. One of them said God saved him. This has been a good week end. We had with us Mrs. Adjt. Turner, Capt. Orchard, Lieut. Tucker and Sis. Morris. Crowds and collections were good. Quite a few are convicted but will not give in.—Lieut. J. Slater, Midland.

KINGSTON.—Thursday night band to the front. Grand time. TWO SOULS. Friday night, beautiful holiness meeting. God came near, and THREE came out for the fire of the Holy Ghost and got it. Sunday all day was a God-glorifying day. We earnestly prayed for God's power and it came and helped Ensign to give the devil of indifference a terrible pounding. Our subject for this week is "Love." At night Ensign spoke on it and SIX SOULS was the result. War Crys and Y. S. all sold. [Good for you. Why not rise?—Ed.] String band, led by Capt. F. Morris, did good service.—Lieut. J. Pridmore, for Ensign and Mrs. McLean.

BLOOMFIELD.—SIX SOULS in the fountain last Sunday night, all good cases. Praise God! Monday night MAJOR and MRS. MORRIS with us. Inspiring time.—A. E. N., for Captain Tovell.

TEMPLE.—A week of victory, with a grand finish up at the week end. EIGHT knelt at the cross for pardon. Flowers were freely clipped from hats. We marched around the Jubilee Hall at the close, rejoicing over the victory. ONE knelt and cried for pardon after the march around.—M. Ayre, Ensign.

GEORGETOWN.—Since coming here God has blessed us in many ways, although no souls have been saved yet. We are going in for victory through Christ, our King. who has never lost a battle.—Maggie Frazer, Lieut., for Lottie Poole, Capt.

NEWCASTLE, N.B.—We had the honor of a visit from Brigadier Scott and Major Howell. Everybody glad to see them. They were welcomed in a most hearty manner. Grand united meeting. Officers and soldiers from Chatham. Special uniform for the occasion, the sisters being dressed as Hindoos and the brothers wearing red sashes.—Secty.

ST. JOHN I.—Last Sunday FOUR SOULS crowned our efforts here, and right along we are having special times. Ensign Ellery and Captain Moores led. On Wednesday night we had a united meeting at No. 5, led by Brigadier Scott.—Sergt. Winchester.

WYOMING. — BRIGADIER MARGETTS, S. C. SMEETON, CAPTAIN CREIGHTON and LT. GRIFFITHS with us on Saturday night. Soldiers and officers enjoyed themselves by taking tea together in the barracks. Good crowds standing round the open air, several saying they had paid 25c for a concert not half as good. Capt. Creighton's singing charmed the people. Although no visible results, yet we believe good was done.—Lt. Matthews, for Capt. Comstock.

RICHMOND STREET.—THREE for the week. Nae sae bad! Two sisters who have been under conviction for weeks, at last surrendered Wednesday night. CAPT. ROSS was leading. ADJT. HILTS and a few of the League of Mercy were with us Thursday. Next week, June 8, 9 and 10, we open on Queen street, near Bathurst, in a tent. We hope great things for God this summer. All officers and soldiers visiting the city, make your way down and give us a push.—Capt. F. McKenzie, Lieut. A. Rose.

OLD PERLICAN.—We are under marching orders just now, and will soon be going. We have beautiful meetings. We had a visit from our dear leader, MAJOR SHARP, which proved a blessing to us all, also CAPT. CRICHTON and ENSIGN FREEMAN. The comrades are all on fire. That's right, my comrades, don't put your Salvation away in your winter clothing, be blood-and-fire, out-and-out. The devil told one of our sisters she'd lose her soul by coming to the Army. He'll overdo the thing yet.—Capt. L. England.

MONTREAL I.—Both morning and evening papers assisted us by announcing our musical service for the 23rd. Messrs. Willis & Co. kindly loaned one of their Bell concert pianos. We had four bands, viz., brass, string, timbrel and singing bands. Good soul stirring music, fine large crowd, splendid interest. For over two hours the audience paid attention. ENSIGNS HAY and McDONALD brought the meeting to a close by personal invitations to Calvary's cross. On Friday we had another of those holiness meetings of a rock-bottomed order.—Leeds.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.— Great welcome to CAPT. MARNEY. During the absence of our Ensign in another part of her diocese, Lieut. French held the reins. ENSIGN GALT enrolled three brothers since Brigadier Scott was here, who enrolled nine comrades. One young man last night lingered behind, knelt at the mercy seat, and we trust began a new life of obedience and faith in Christ. The Mayor of Charlottetown has kindly promised to secure the band stand if possible for our open airs during the summer months.—M. F. Ellis.

THE TORONTO CITY COUNCIL have granted Riverside corps the privilege of erecting a tent on the Don Bank just north of Queen. We much appreciate this kind concession.

HONOR ROLL.

We are sorry we cannot find space this week to insert this. We heartily appreciate, nevertheless, the good efforts of our comrades all over the field, and thank them much for the interest shown. We shall always do our best to insert their names whenever possible.

ARE you clean—every whit?

IS your garment of salvation getting thread-bare for lack of secret prayer?

DO you prove that you have the blessing of holiness by really doing to others as you would they should do to you?

COMING EVENTS!

THE COMMANDANT.

Kingston, Saturday, Sunday, June 22, 23. Great soul-saving meetings.

Peterboro', Saturday, Sunday, Monday, June 29, 30, July 1, triumphant campaigns.

Toronto, Wells' Hill Camp, Friday, June 28 to Monday, July 8. Public welcome to Colonel Stitt and Brigadier Cilbborn. The Commandant leads the meetings on Sunday, July 7. Refreshments on grounds. Tents for hire at reasonable rates.

CAPTAIN SCOBELL.

(L. B. Prov. Agent.)

Norwich, June 22, 23; Woodstock, June 24, 25; Ingersoll, June 26, 27; Petrolea, June 28; Wyoming, June 29, 30; Sarnia, July 1, 2; Forest, July 3, 4; Thedford, July 5; Parkhill, July 6, 7; Watford, July 8, 9; Strathroy, July 10, 11.

CAPTAIN BARR.

The Advance Agent of the "William Booth,"

Will visit Sandusky, U.S.A., June 28, 29, 30, July 1; Cleveland, U.S.A., July 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; Ashtabula, U.S.A., July 12, 13, 14; Dunkish, U.S.A., July 18, 19, 20, 21; Buffalo, U.S.A., July 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

The Salvation Marines.

Visit Goderich June 15, 16; Thedford, June 17, 18; Sarnia, June 19; Detroit, Mich., June 20, 21; Windsor, Ont., June 22, 23; Monroe, U.S.A., June 24, 25; Amherstburg, June 26, 27; Toledo, U.S.A., June 28, 29, 30, July 1; Leamington, July 2, 3, 4; Sandusky, U.S.A., July 5, 6, 7, 8; Leamington, July 9; Cleveland, July 10, 11, 12, 13, 14; Blenheim, July 15, 16; St. Thomas, July 17, 18.

ADJUTANT MAGEE.

(L. B. Prov. Agent.)

Sunbury, June 22, 23; Odessa, June 24, 25; Deseronto, June 26, 27; Picton, June 28, 29, 30; Bloomfield, July 1, 2; Belleville, July 3, 4, 5; Trenton, July 6, 7; Brighton, July 8, 9; Cobourg, July 10, 11, 12; Port Hope, July 13, 14; Millbrook, July 15, 16; Peterboro', July 17, 18; Lakefield, July 19; Norwood, July 20, 21; Campbellford, July 22, 23; Tweed, July 24, 25.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOTICE!

GRAND EXCURSION to Kennebeccasis Island, by steamer "Springfield," July 1st.

WANTED.

A Cook, for the Toronto Shelter—Salvationist preferred. Apply at once to Major Collier, 261 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED!

Artist capable of good and rapid sketching, required on staff for Salvation Army publications. Must be a Salvationist. Apply with specimens to Colonel Bremner, 98, 100, 102 Clerkenwell Road, London.

—THE—

War Cry's Witness Box.

John Hopps, of Feversham, Gives a Tip-Top Testimony.

THREE YEARS ago a salvation army soldier tryed to sell me a war cry—only five cts. The divil told me not to waist my money on them for "it was all lies that was in it." the divel said "Buy Novels!" so I did and spent much of my time in reading them. My wife would go sometimes to the Salvation army meeting, when she came home I would abuse her for going as I thought they were a wild lot.

• • •

PRAISE THE LORD, dear friends, it is not so know. last winter the salvation army held a revival meeting in Salem undeer the leadership of CAPT. GREEN and CAPT. RICHMAN (God bless that dear lady, for it was her that brought me to the cross weeping for pardon.)

• • •

After I got convirted I had a great love for the army the Lord showed me the great good they are doing all over the world so I was bound to Be a soldier and fight for God But I was still lacking I was

A Tobaco Slave,

and had been for forty-five years, so I thought "was my soul to be Domned for that Tobaco Divel?" so away went pipe and tobaco, so now I can praise the Lord with a clean hart, clean lips, sweet Breath, and am a soldier in the army.

I AM proud of the salvation army and now for

The Dear Old War Cry.

I love it, it is allways to my house, I love to read it, I get one every two weeks. the Christmas Cry and Beautyful pictor is worth five times the price of it, so now I will close with God Bless the S. A., God Bless the Dear old war cry and the good old army flag. Yours faithful unto death, JOHN HOPPS,

Salem, Feversham Circle Corps.

RESCUE NOTES

FROM THE

City by the Sea.

AND JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM." So sweetly the beautiful words came stealing into our souls, that the shadow of death that gathered on the tiny face of one of our Home babies not long ago seemed but to foretell the glorious dawning of immortal life, and as we knelt with the sobbing mother beside the lifeless form of her darling, in the early dawn, and prayed for her salvation, we could but thank the tender Shepherd that another little lamb was safe within the fold—saved from ever being stained and marred by sin.

At the funeral service four of the girls came out, and kneeling beside the white coffin, where the little body lay with the pink blossoms resting against the icy face, they sought forgiveness for sin—purity for pollution. Since then the death angel has stolen into our Home with noiseless tread and borne away some of the other little ones. We believe in some cases their deaths have been a spiritual blessing to the poor mothers.

• • •

GOING OUT VISITING one day our attention was drawn toward the cemetery by the sharp report of guns. Three times we heard it, and were informed it was the last volleys fired over the grave of a Queen's soldier who had died in the midst of life and vigor, it was feared by his own hand. Poor soul, how our hearts chilled as we saw the comrades march away from the new-made grave, off to duty, but his chance gone forever.

• • •

ANOTHER SIGHT that made our eyes fill with tears a few days after, was to see the city hearse for burying the poor wending its way through the muddy streets, followed by one solitary little boy, with his head bent down with sorrow, tramping along, the only one to follow perhaps a poor mother or father to the grave. We trust it was one of God's poor saints, who, like Lazarus, "was now comforted" in the Father's home. It was a story without words, but praise God, we feel we can indeed "Rejoice with those who do rejoice and weep with those who weep."

• • •

TWO POOR OUTCAST WOMEN have been called in the midst of a life of sin to pass from time to eternity to meet their God. One of the "League of Mercy" sisters had visited them frequently. "The last time I saw her," she said, "she was lying on the bed, and when I went into the room she put her hands up to her ears and tried not to hear me, and cursed and swore. I could do nothing but drop on my knees and pray, and then she listened to me." Poor soul, she did not know that it was God's last call of mercy to her—that the next call would be "this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The other poor woman went suddenly without a moment to call on God for mercy.

• • •

"NO, ADJT. I never would want to go back to the old life, the drink and badness again. Why, this life is like being in Heaven, and when I lie awake at nights with the pain, oh, it's so good to have Jesus with me," said one of the women in the Home the other day, as she clasped her thin hands together and rocked to and fro in her chair, and as we looked at the worn face and drooping frame that had known so many years of drink and sin, we were glad indeed that He had given her light at eventide.

ADJT. A. COWAN,
Halifax, N.S.

'Fra the Land o' Caikes.'

BROTHER TINDALL is one of the staunch old standbys of the Guelph corps—Scotch to the backbone.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH was the subject of discussion over the teacups at his hospitable table, where many an officer has fared sumptuously ever since the commencement of Army operations, however the fortunes of war might run.

• • •

"FORFARSHIRE was my county, and I lived in the Edzell village and Brechin village. I joined the kirk and became a member when I was just a boy, not because I was religious, or understood anything about the matter, but simply because my companions did, and I wanted to be like them. We lived

At the Foot of the Grampian Hills,

and my father was a shoemaker. But there were some points in the Confession of Faith that he never could see eye to eye, nor fall in with, and he wouldn't be a member.

"You've heard, no doubt, of the disruption that occurred some time back in the Church of Scotland? The whole country was completely excited over it. It was with regard to the choosing of the ministers. The matter had been

In the Hands of the Lairds,

or land-owners, who paid the salaries of the ministers, and who had power to put in any man who suited them. So to a certain extent he was at their command — whether they were good men or not—and of course he would be tempted to preach as they wanted. Well, the younger party considered that the people ought to have a say in the selection and the agitation became so hot that it led to a split, and the separating party had to build new churches, and provide the forfeited salaries themselves. That was designated THE FREE CHURCH, and I joined it. But I wasn't convicted seriously in my soul. I would smoke and carry on just exactly like the people of the world, not a bit different. I had no convictions, so when I left our village and

Landed in Massachusetts.

I didn't mind church matters at all any more. I remember going into a church there where the choir were in the gallery at the back, and when they sang the congregation turned right round to face them.

• • •

"IT WAS IN 1851 I came on here to Guelph, and in 1856 I went to Hamilton, but I returned to Guelph. I just stayed here because I liked the looks of the place—it was so high, and dry, and clean, and healthy. I liked the fine situation. There was lots of beech and maple. It wasn't settled much up then, there were very few inhabitants compared to what there are now, and the G. T. R. was just making.

"When I came I didn't think anything at all about religion; I never had been interested personally, even when I was a member. But the boss I was working for shoe-making asked me to go to his church, so I went, although at first I said no, I wasn't going to listen to any long sermons. He was one of the people they call MORRISONIANS, because the chief man, 'Morrison,' had been preaching in the Presbyterian church against the doctrine of election, so they put him out, and he went on with his preaching that

Christ Tasted Death for Every Man.

But there was so little difference between his ideas and Methodism that when he died the church broke up. I joined them and remained a member twenty years here in Guelph. I was caretaker, deacon, trustee and treasurer, all at once, till it was closed. But there was one matter always puzzled me and caused me a good deal of thought, and I wish, to put special stress on the matter, because I consider there is far too much misguiding teaching on the matter. It is the principle of 'only believe and thou shalt be saved,' no matter what your life and actions may be. People have such strange, hazy ideas about a

Sort of Sudden Ripening Process

just before death, and then you enter the holy city. But I was very zealous, too, in that little stone building (the Disciples worship in it now). I had a sort of outside religion; I was working FOR God, now I am working WITH Him.

"When the Army came I attended; everybody went in those days. Though I didn't like their methods, I couldn't help but admire the work they were doing, for they were getting some terrible hard cases converted in the drill-shed there. I remember Captain Churchill singing, 'We'll fight the battle through,' with the War Cry in her hand, as if she meant it, so earnestly.

"I couldn't get right down to joining the Army, so I became an auxiliary.

"I got questioning within myself, COULD God Almighty blot out my transgressions? COULD He cleanse my heart and make it a dwelling-place fit for Himself? I brought the matter before the Lord and He showed me two roads, showed me and no mistake. I did go to the penitent form, and I had the conscious knowledge of sins forgiven. I became enrolled as a soldier, and a soldier I mean to remain."

NORWOOD.—This is a place of dry bones, but Lieut. Vance, who has fought many a battle in Montreal, assisted by Cadet Williams (a Kingston brave), is fighting it out.—H. C. Kendall, Capt.

LIPPINCOTT STREET.—These are the days that try what sort of soldiers we are. The intense heat makes it hard to keep the meetings alive, nevertheless we are getting some real victories, and can again report souls at the week end. Sunday night we wound up with TWO at the penitent form.—Capt. Parker, for Ens. Lee.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Here is where war was declared on the 24th of May. The energetic little Capt. B——, backed up by her Lieut. G——, had the whole affair well announced and well in hand. We were reinforced by Capts. Parsons and McCutchin and Lieut. Gibson, and Cadets Harrington and Dickens, also the American Captain, Boyler, who used to be stationed here about ten years ago in the Saved Army. A number of comrades from Peterboro' were also with us. Had a proper time. We gave the officers a good lift financially and cheered them up.

Drum Bangs

HEARD BY

JACK WESTACOTT.

Thrilling Reminiscences of a Prodigal Boy.

CAPTAIN JACK WESTACOTT, after leading a respectable life, came to America, where he soon fell in very pernicious ways. He says: "One evening, as I was leaning over the bar in a hotel, I heard a drum, and my companions said it was the Salvation Army. I wondered what kind of people they were, and out I went with my chums to see these peculiar people. When I reached the corner of the street, where they were having an open air, I saw only two lads, and I said to my chums, 'Is that the Salvation Army?' I tell you I was greatly taken back. By this time there had gathered a large crowd together. I pushed through the crowd and got up close to them, and presently they sang, 'Farewell, my old companions, I will not go with you to hell,' and as they sang the tears trickled down their faces, and as they told the old, old story of Jesus and His love it took hold of me. Later on they sang, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' It brought to my ears the sound of my mother's voice singing the same words that she had taught me years before. I went on for months fighting against God's Spirit. I went to the meetings time after time, until one evening some one sang, 'All the way to Calvary He went for me.' It was then I saw and realized how the Saviour loved me. I came and knelt at His feet and cried, 'Jesus, save me.' I then moved away to Western Ontario. There being no S. A. there, I became a member of the Methodist church. I moved out to Manitoba, and the first night I was in town I heard a drum. I had almost forgotten about the Army by this time, and as I went out on the street to see what was causing the drumming, lo and behold, it was the Salvation Army. I felt the same drawing towards them as I did when I first saw them, so I followed them to the barracks, and God met with me in a special manner. I reconsecrated myself to God and enlisted under the yellow, red and blue. Time went on. At last I felt called to give myself for the work. I fought against it for some time, but the Spirit of God would give me no rest until I sent in my application to the Commissioner and was accepted. Arriving at the Training Home, I met with about twenty lads. Days passed away, until at last I was sent from the dear old Training Home. My first start out into the field to battle for perishing souls was at Dovercourt. My next appointment was to take charge of the Slum Corps (Centre street), Toronto. It was there I saw the consequences of sin and the need of men and women who were willing to deny themselves for the sake of perishing souls. I remember one night being surrounded by a mob. There were just a few of us on the march. We got both heads of the drum smashed in, but God sent along a kind lady with ten dollars, which put it all right again, and we had one soul in the fountain that night. I was next appointed back to Dovercourt again, where I fought for six months and received many a blessing. We had a band of true blood and fire soldiers who were not satisfied unless souls were converted, and we saw scores cry to God for mercy in that six months. From thence I was appointed to Tyrone, where I had some hard fighting, often walking fifteen miles to sell three War Crys, but the Master walked with me. I suffered much here, my health being run down. So I removed to Manitoba, where I find my health is much better. God is with me here"

CAPT. JACK WESTACOTT.

THEY FIT EVERY TIME.

MORRISBURG, June 1st, 1895.—"Pants and vest received, and am well pleased. The fit is excellent: I never had better." Yours——.

The Last Chance.

Between the pretty village of P—— and the thriving Scotch town of G—— lies a stretch of something like three miles. P—— is a German settlement and abounds in hotels. A most unique signboard attracted our attention. Painted on a white background were these three words,

"The Last Chance."

After this house of entertainment is passed, the weary traveller must journey three miles before another opportunity to allay his thirst presents itself. Oh, that this were forever his last chance, and that never again would he be tempted to enter one of these hell-holes. But alas! that happy day has not yet arrived. But for this we must still toil, still pray, and still sacrifice.

But to the true Salvationist everything has a spiritual side, and from every incident, however trifling, we seek to draw some lesson. THE LAST CHANCE comes to every sinner, just as certainly as the first offer of salvation is made to every soul. Perhaps it was at mother's knee, perchance in childhood's Sunday school, possibly you had almost entered manhood or womanhood before you realized that Christ had really died for you and was now earnestly calling for your life and service—and yet, come when it may, there is in every life

A First Acceptance or Rejection

of the gift of God, Jesus Christ, eternal life. If you refuse, other opportunities are given, but alas! in many cases, at each refusal the heart becomes harder, the conscience more seared. Oh, unsaved soul, are you in this uncomfortable position? We beseech you take care, you are on dangerous ground—you are nearing your last opportunity, perhaps you are even now letting slip your last chance. We are very willing to find lessons and warnings for others, but often fail to apply these same truths to our own hearts and lives. These words contain for every child of God a solemn and important lesson. Do you realize as you stand up to deliver God's message that perhaps some soul is receiving, through you, his last warning, his last invitation. Oh, what an awful responsibility! Upon your faithfulness

Hangs the Destiny

of immortal souls! Did our officers, our soldiers, our Christian friends generally, fully realize this tremendous fact, there would be no more of this lackadaisical style of preaching; men and women talking to fill up time, trying to become popular through their eloquence. Oh, that God might burn this thought upon the soul and brain of every worker. Then would His ministers be indeed "flames of fire," their words would fall with power, and men and women would cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" May God help you in the future, every time you rise to speak in His name, to realize that your message may be the last that shall ever be given to some of those who are sitting before you. Then shall you

Humble Yourself

before God, acknowledge your weakness, claim and receive the power of the Holy Ghost, see of the travail of your soul and be satisfied.

E. A. M.

Thrilling Visiting Story.

Got Saved, Gave up Grudges, and Died.

"COME, CAPTAIN, quick; come, she is dying and wants to see you!"

I hurry down the street. Soon the house is reached; I hear cries: "Lord, have mercy on my soul! Lord, have mercy on my soul! Come in, come in. I'm afraid I'm going to die; pray for me, pray for me." Going to the bedside, she is asked, "Do you believe God will save you?" "Yes." "Then God will be sure to save you if you repent." But she would not repent aright. I said, "You are to make such a repentance that if God would restore you to health to-morrow you would live to please Him."

"Lord, have mercy on my soul," then she would cry.

I prayed and left, came again and again. She seemed to be getting better, still crying, and wishing to be saved, next day worse, crying "Lord, have mercy on my soul and save me."

"Sister," I said, "God won't save you simply because you are afraid you will go to hell. He will save you when you repent, and take up your cross and follow Him."

Her sister dealt with her on the same lines. At last she gave in, and

The Light of God

streamed into her poor soul. It was not long before she began to talk to all the room, then sent out for persons whom she had hated or had had some hard feelings towards, and at the bedside all old hardens rolled away. She died next day while we were singing.—S. L. A.

HE NEVER RETURNED.

(Re-printed by request.)

CAPT. CHARLOTTE McINDOE,
One of our pioneer West-ern officers.

Tune—The ship that never returned.

With the careless crowd of his old companions
There he sat night after night,
In the barracks where he was once a soldier,
In the foremost of the fight.
How the deep conviction came o'er his feelings
By the Holy Spirit's might,
And he longed once more to be humbly kneeling
At the cross where he first saw the light.

Chorus.

But he never returned, he never returned,
Though Christ for his poor soul yearned,
Though for years and years there were fond ones praying,
Yet that soul—he never returned.

Oh, he knew there were some on that platform praying
For his soul whene'er they knelt,
And many a time he had almost yielded
When the Spirit's power he felt;
But the devil kept him in good excuses—
"There is something keeps me back,
But after a while, when I feel just like it,
I will leave the dangerous track."

"I'll return some time to the Lord who saved me,
Though I cannot come to-day,
For I know in Him there is true salvation,
And I dare not stay away."
So he still resisted the Holy Spirit,
Till it left his soul alone,
Till the trifling things of the world absorbed him,
And his heart was harder than stone.

He could calmly think of the crucifixion,
But it moved his heart no more,
So he died unsaved—a lost backslider,
With his hopes forever o'er.
And the fierce remorse of a grief unending
To his inmost soul has burned,
To have known and then to forsake the Saviour,
For alas! he never returned.

Tune—Take back thy heart to the Saviour.

Tell out thy need to the Saviour,
While He is calling for thee;
Tell out thy needs to the Saviour,
Gladly He'll list to your plea.
Only a look as He's hanging,
Bearing the cross for our sin;
Only a look at His suffering,
Sinner, oh, now let Him in!

Chorus.

Tell out thy needs to the Saviour,
While He is calling for thee;
Tell out thy needs to the Saviour,
Love, dying love, is the plea.

Fast all thy chances are slipping,
Yes, they are slipping away,
Soon we shall all stand for judgment;
Come to His cross while you may.
Yes, Jesus stands, and He bids you
From all your sinning to cease.
See now our crucified Saviour
Waiting to give you release!

Think now how often He's pleaded,
Asked you to give up your sin;
Soon He will call you to judgment;
Now while He knocks, let Him in.
This is the day of repentance,
This is the day of His grace;
Come now, and seek His forgiveness,
Down at the cross take your place.

L. WHITE, Hamilton I.

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Tune—For you He is calling.

I have a Saviour, a dear, loving Saviour,
One who is waiting to save you today;
Come, leave here thy burden,
Come, tell Him thy story,
And He will forgive you, He'll not cast away.

Chorus.

Oh, sinner, He's waiting,
Oh, sinner, He's waiting,
Oh, sinner, He's waiting,
He's waiting for thee.

I have a Saviour, a dear, loving Saviour,
He says in His word, "Come, ye laden one, come."
And now He is waiting.
And longs to receive you,
Oh, will you not seek Him while still there is room?

I have a Saviour, a dear, loving Saviour,
You'll want Him, poor sinner, when you come to die.
Then why not receive Him
While now there is mercy,
Just call upon Him, and He will hear your cry.

E. KEMP, Capt., Selkirk, Man.

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Tune—Hold the fort; Joy without alloy, "B.J.," 94; Pass me not, "B. J.," 14.

Oh, my brother, come to Jesus,
See Him waiting now;
Leave your load of sin behind you,
At His footstool bow.

Chorus.

Come to Jesus, He will save you,
Wash away your sin;
Freely pardon your transgression,
Give you peace within.

Though for years you may have wandered,
In the paths of shame,
He is willing to forgive you,
Glory to His name!

We have found this blessed Saviour,
To our great delight;
We have proved His power to keep us
In the hardest fight.

Now, my comrades, won't you seek Him,
And for mercy call?
He is waiting to receive you,
He will pardon all.

WM. PRICE, Sergt.-Maj.,
Edmonton.

MISSING

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with be word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOMPANY APPLICATIONS.

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1575.—SMITH, MRS. JANE (OR DAUGHTER ALICE). Left Dublin, Ireland, in 1881. Last heard of in 1886. Gave address as Postoffice, Toronto, Ont., but when written to the postmaster returned the letter saying there was no such person there. Will she or anyone knowing of her whereabouts kindly communicate with her sister, Louisa—Mrs. W. McDonnell, 41 Carysfort Avenue, County Dublin Ireland. American "Crys" please copy.

1576.—WISE, ROSIE. Left home two years ago. Last address, 92 Bond St., Toronto, Ont. Height about 5 ft. 6 in., dark complexion. Will she, or any person knowing her whereabouts kindly write her father, Charles Wise, Fenelon Falls, Ont. All "Crys" please copy.

1577.—BACHE, T. H., formerly of Toronto, Ont. Last heard from in Brooklyn, N.Y., in April, 1894. Will he, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, write his anxious parents, C. D. Bache, or Mrs. D. Bache, 236 King Street West, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, where they are now residing with John. All War Crys please copy.

Quaint Quips

A WEALTHY ATHEIST in the north of Scotland had built himself a handsome and massive mausoleum of granite in the neighboring cemetery. Happening to come across the elder admiring the tomb one day, the atheist irreverently remarked, "I think the Almighty Himself won't be able to lift that." "Hoot man," replied the elder, "ye needna fash yersen. He'll just tak' the bottom oot and let ye doon."

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THEODORE CUYLER quotes a Southern slave of the old times, who replied to one who said, "I hope your master has gone to Heaven," with the very wise remark: "I's afraid he has not gone dar, for I never heard him speak o' dat. When he go to de Nort or to de Verginny Springs, he allus be gettin' ready for weeks. I neber see him gettin' ready fur goin' to Heben."

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AN OFFICER in the Central Ontario Province was leading a meeting, and while reading the lesson a few girls sat laughing and chattering, which annoyed the people very much. The officer looked straight at the guilty parties, and with all the earnestness he possessed, said: "Look here, my girls, you may laugh now, but one of these mornings you'll wake up and find yourselves dead." The same individual was once trying to question some noisy boys, and said: "Now, boys, if you want to make a noise do it quietly."

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BRIGADIER JACOBS tells of a Salvationist who fought in the Egyptian war who thanked God he killed no body, although he knocked three over with the butt end of his gun. He was then shot through the arm, and lay weltering in his blood, dying, he thought, but he could sing, and he did, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." The doctor came, and to the question, "What's the matter with you?" he replied, "I'm done for, doctor, but I'm saved. Go to the others and attend to them first who are not right with God." He revived, though (it's hard to kill a Salvationist), and is now the one-armed soldier at an eastern corps.

A NEGLECTED Bible is a bad thing for a man whose position as leader necessitates the possession of new spiritual life daily.